

*The
Wilmerding
Life*



*Commencement
1912*



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The Wilmerding Life

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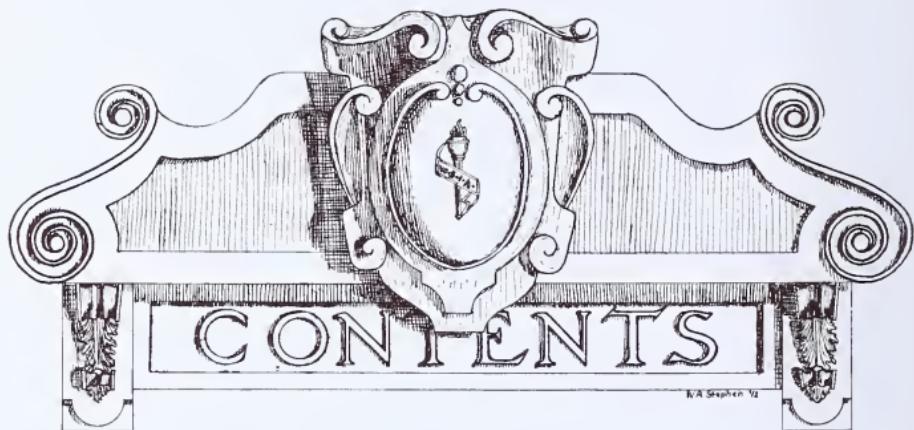
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To
Miss Gladys M. Elliott
whose advice and interest have been
of great personal benefit
this book is dedicated
by an appreciative
Student Body



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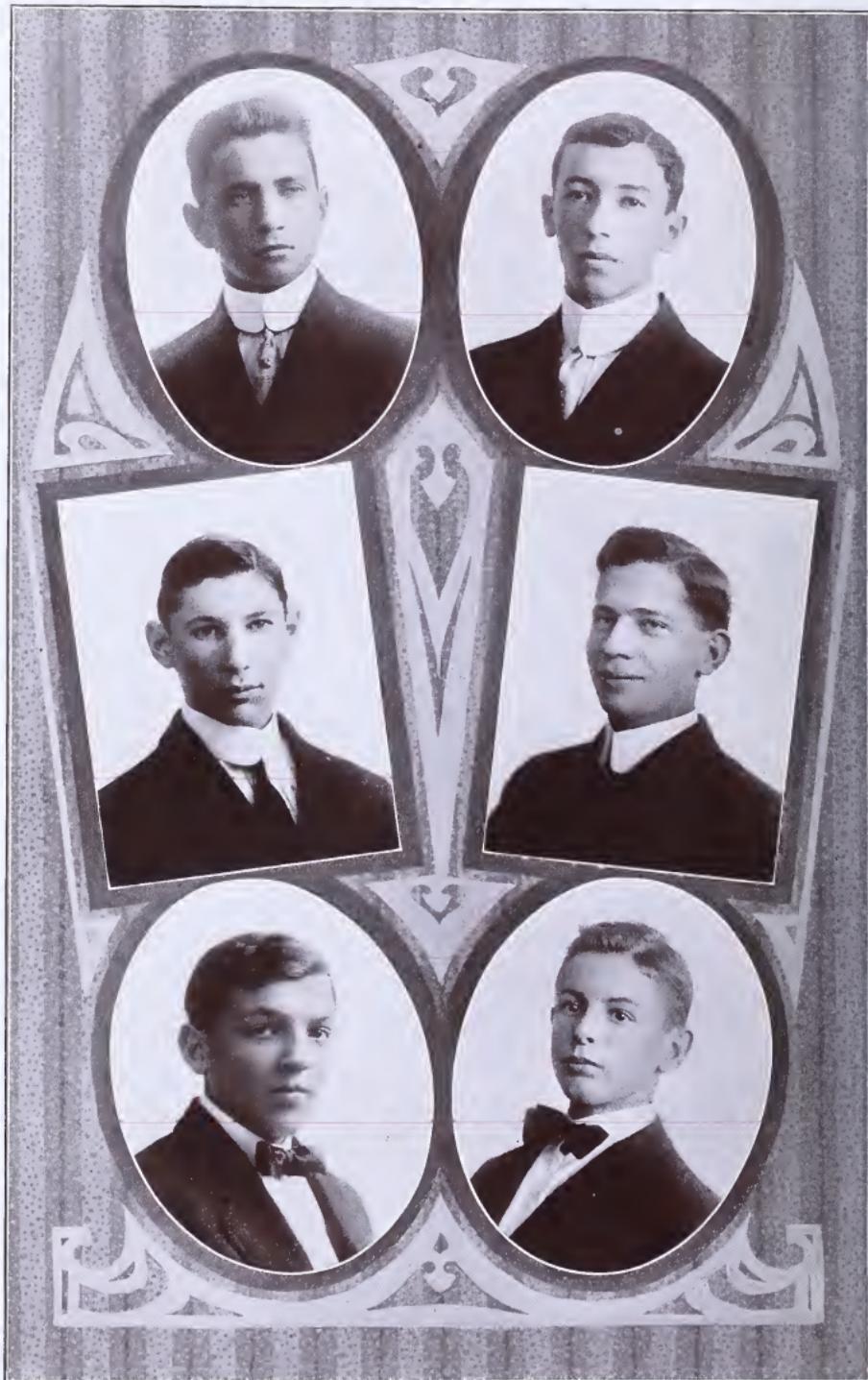
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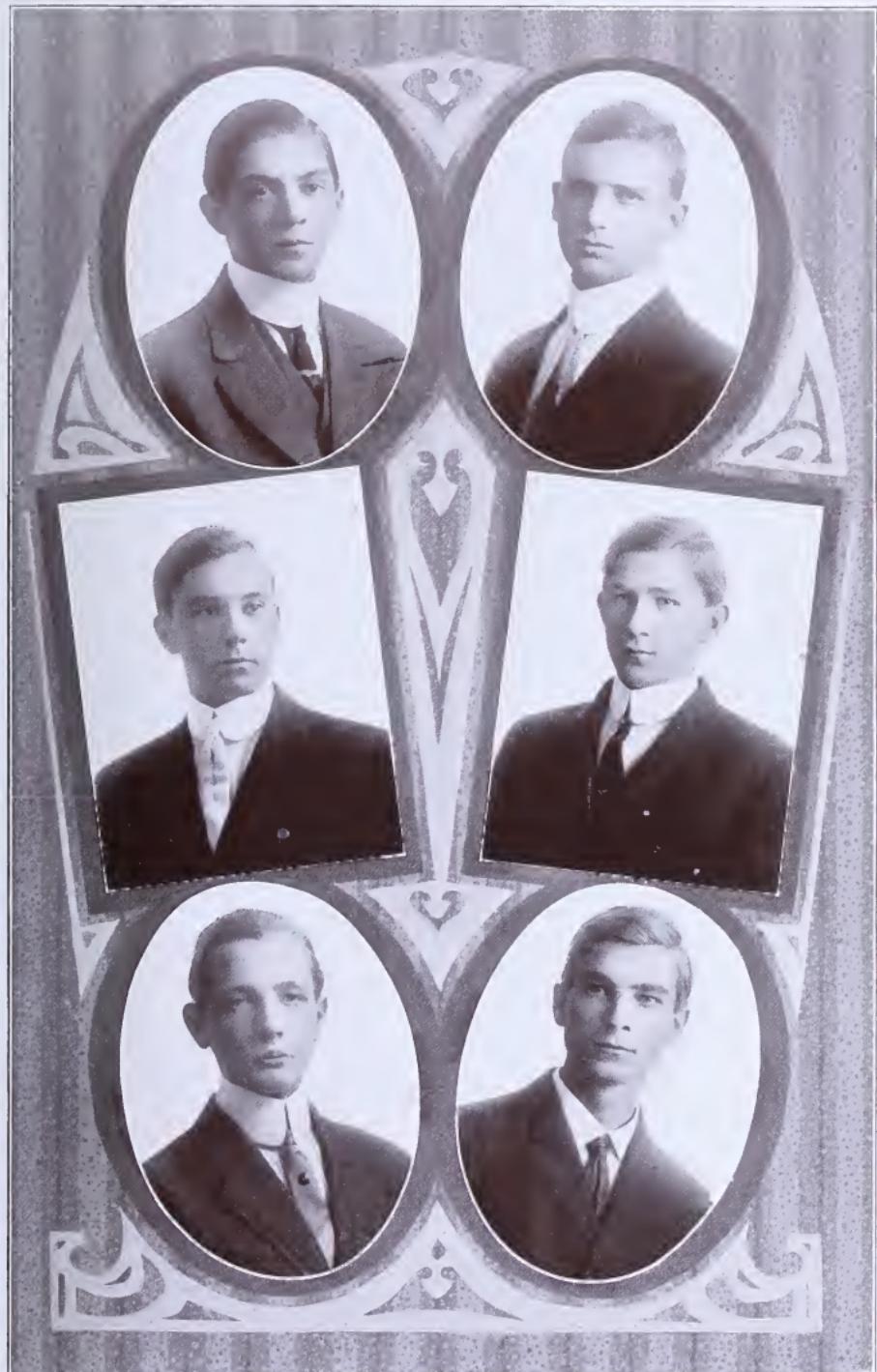
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LITERARY



Sacrificed

VERNON R. NICHOLS, '15



August 15

ALF a day's journey from the city of Babylon there had grown up a small village called Philida, composed mostly of small landholders and shepherds. The population was chiefly Persians, although there were a few Egyptians, and the head man of the village was a Greek. He had been made head man or Governor of the village because of some service rendered King Darius. He had a very beautiful daughter who was the pride of his heart, and the blessing of his old age. She was tall and graceful; her golden hair fell in shining waves over her shoulders, while a few stray ringlets fell over her delicately colored cheeks. Her soft blue eyes looked out from beneath long drooping lashes, and her rosy mouth was small and evenly curved. Her father owned more land and sheep than any other man in the village, and although his fortune was small compared with that of many a man in the great city, the people of the village looked upon him as an exceedingly rich man. His house was the largest and best furnished in the village and stood in the midst of a large garden.

This garden was the special care of Iole, his beautiful daughter. She loved and cared for each flower and shrub as if it were a human being that could return her love. Early one morning she was in the garden caring for some new flowers which had been sent her from Athens. She was so interested in her work that she did not notice a small party of young men who had entered the garden and were coming toward her. She was not aware of their presence until a musical voice bade her "good morning." She straightened quickly and found herself looking into the steady blue eyes of the most handsome man she had ever seen. He was tall and strongly built with light wavy hair, and rosy cheeks. He wore a short tunic belted at the waist. His feet were covered by beautifully wrought sandals. His bare arms showed delicately curved muscles, which told of many a bout with the sword and spear. He was undoubtedly a Greek. His companions were dressed more in the fashion of the



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Babylonians. They were much darker, and one especially, a large, dark-browed young man, showed evidences of Egyptian blood.

The young Greek spoke in a low, well modulated voice. "Fairest maiden," he said, "we have journeyed far this morning, and would even beg a resting place of your venerable father for a few hours."

Iole, who was taken by surprise, stood for some moments with downcast eyes. When she raised them she met the gaze of the young Egyptian, which was so ardently bent upon her that she blushed deeply and again her eyes sought the ground. The Greek seeing her embarrassment did not repeat his first remark, but desired to be led to her father. She led the way at once, conscious all the time of the persistent stare of the Egyptian. Entering the court, where her father sat, Iole spoke to him in an undertone, and then as he turned to the strangers, she quickly vanished into the house. The old man, Garchus by name, turned to his guests and waving his hands about him said, "I am highly honored, my young friends; you are welcome to all I have."

"May the Gods bless you, venerable father," replied the young Greek, "we are weary, and much in need of rest. My young friend here," pointing to the Egyptian, "bears an important commission from the High Priest of Baal, which causes him to travel over the greater part of the kingdom, and we accompany him for the sake of whatever adventures may arise."

The party seated themselves in the shade of some clinging vines, and Garchus ordered the servants to bring wine and cold meats. Meanwhile Iole had retired to her room, where she sat by the open window, and allowed the cool breeze to fan her heated face. The form of the young Greek was before her eyes, and his voice still sounded in her ears. She wondered why the blushes came and went at the very thought of him. She sat thus for a long while. When the midday meal was announced she did not descend, partly because of embarrassment, which she felt in the presence of young men, but more because she wished to be alone.

She remained in her room until the shades of evening began to fall, and then she ventured out into the garden, by a side door. She had strolled to the farthest corner and turned to retrace her steps when she came face to face with the young Greek, of whom she was thinking. She started and blushed guiltily, as though he were able to read her thoughts. He moved quickly to her side and said in a low voice, "Fairest, and most lovely maiden, thou art already my friend, because I, too, am a Greek, and Greeks are always friends. Is it not so?" Iole answered only by a slight inclination of the head, and the young man resumed: "Thy name is Iole as I have heard thy father call thee," he said, "and mine is Marcus. I stole away from the rest of the company, hoping to find thee here; and the Gods were kind."



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Iole was strangely affected by the calm power of the man by her side, and also by the sound of his strong, musical voice. When he said he came to seek her, her heart beat quicker. He had wished to see her again. Was it possible that this was the one man whom she should love? She was so confused by all these thoughts that she could think of nothing to say. They were nearing the house now, and Marcus took her hand in his, and said in a low voice, "To-morrow I must depart for a time, but if the Gods are kind, and thou art willing I will come again before many days." He then bade her good-night, and they parted at the door. The young men left early the next morning before Iole was awake.

* * * * *

Two weeks had passed and Iole was again in her garden. The shades of evening were falling and a cool breeze was stirring the leaves and grass. Iole heard suddenly the quick, light step of Marcus coming toward her. She turned to him with a smile and held out her hand. Marcus clasped it in both of his and drew her gently along down a bypath to a vine-covered summer house. No word was spoken until he had seated her on a marble bench and stretched himself at her feet. He did not release her hand and after a moment he began in a voice vibrant with emotion. "Iole," he said, "since I first saw thee my heart has been thine. I love thee as I never loved anyone before. Do not make me eternally miserable by sending me away from thy side. Tell me now, Iole, has thy heart felt no touch of love for me?" Iole sat for some moments in silence, her beautiful face suffused with blushes. At last she whispered so low that Marcus could barely hear her, "Yes,—Marcus,—dear."

At this Marcus sprang to his feet and clasped her in his arms. So engrossed were they in their new-found happiness that they did not see a dark figure, which stood in the doorway a moment, and then turned and glided noiselessly into the darkness. It was the figure of the young Egyptian, who muttered curses as he made his way back to the house.

The next morning the company, who were returning from their mission, resumed their journey to Babylon, but not until Marcus had found an opportunity to bid Iole an affectionate farewell, with many promises of a speedy return. Iole went about her daily tasks in a sort of golden dream. She thought only of the day when Marcus would return. The days seemed to her to drag by at a snail's pace, though to other people they went fast enough.

One morning there was an unusual commotion in the village street, which brought the people to their doorways. There was the tramping of horses, and the blare of trumpets. Iole, who was looking from a latticed window, saw a grand retinue coming up the street. In the midst of a group of spearmen she could see a beautiful chariot, drawn by three great, black



steeds, whose glossy coats glinted and shone in the sunshine. In the chariot rode an elderly man, dressed in the order of the priests of Baal. Upon his head he wore the golden tiara set with precious stones, which showed him to be the High Priest of the God of Babylon. A few paces in front of the spearmen rode two trumpeters, dressed in bright liveries and blowing loudly on long brazen trumpets. Close beside the chariot rode a young man on a powerful gray charger. He was talking excitedly to the High Priest, and as Iole looked he turned, and pointed his finger toward the house. Iole drew back behind the curtains, with a strange foreboding of fear, for the face she had seen was that of the young Egyptian, the former envoy of the High Priest. The feeling of fear deepened when she saw the cavalcade stop before her father's door. The trumpeters blew a mighty blast and the dark-faced Egyptian dismounted and knocked loudly.

The door was opened by a slave. "We would see thy master," said the Egyptian. The slave disappeared and in a few minutes Iole heard the slow, regular step of her father coming along the hall. Old Garchus stepped out upon the porch and saluted the Egyptian and the High Priest. "Friends," he said, "what wilt thou have with me?" "Venerable Father," answered the High Priest, "thou art aware that the season of the year is at hand for the holding of the religious festival to Baal. Perhaps thou art also aware that it is our ancient, and honored custom, to offer the most beautiful damsel as a sacrifice to the God Baal, upon the last day of the festival." The priest paused and old Garchus asked in a voice that trembled with fear:

"And what has that to do with me, my friend?"

"Just this," answered the prelate, "that after much research and debate upon the subject, we have decided that thy daughter is the proper one to be honored by giving her life in the service of the greatest of all the Gods."

Garchus staggered and nearly fell when he heard this, but straightened up, and said proudly, "Thou hast forgotten that I am a Greek, subject only to the laws and customs of Greece. Therefore this can in no way affect me or mine."

"We had thought of that, and decided that since thou hast held an office under the King, and received payment from the Government, thou art subject to his majesty's will, and we were much persuaded toward this conclusion by the arguments of the noble young man here," and the priest pointed to the young Egyptian who stood near by, smiling complacently. Garchus turned upon the young man, with the fury of a lioness robbed of her whelps. He grasped the Egyptian's throat in both hands, and bore him backward upon the ground. "Ah!" he cried, "thou serpent; to eat and drink at my table, and return my hospitality with thy poisonous bite." The Egyptian's career would have ended then and there if it had not been



for the interference of the spearmen, who dragged Garchus away, and held him while the Egyptian slowly got to his feet.

"Hold the dog of a Greek," he said, "while I go and search for the damsel." He disappeared within the house, and after a short search he found Iole lying in a faint on the floor, where she had fallen when she heard her sentence pronounced. He gathered her in his arms, not untruly, though a savage smile spread over his face and he muttered, "We shall see now if that accursed Greek shall ever call thee his." He bore her out of the house, and placed her beside the priest in the chariot. The calvacade rode away after having locked old Garchus in his own strong room.

* * * * *

The last day of the "Feast of Baal" had arrived. A great multitude of people, of all classes, had gathered before the Temple gates to witness the coming of the beautiful victim. After hours of anxious waiting the gates were thrown open and a long line of white-robed priests marched through. In their midst walked four sturdy Egyptians. Upon their shoulders they bore a luxurious gold-studded litter, beneath the canopy of which could be seen the reclining figure of Iole. The litter was borne through the Temple doors, which were closed behind it.

Inside the light was very dim. The gigantic figure of the hideous idol loomed up before them. The more common priests drew aside and the High Priest approached the litter. He took up the limp form and placed it upon the knees of the Idol. He then made a sign to some slaves who were waiting at a side door. The priests hastily withdrew to a place of safety, and the slaves opened the door and led in two huge lions, which were chained to the feet of the Idol. Then all withdrew, the doors were closed and barred, and the seal of the Great King was placed upon them. Iole was left to her fate, either to starve where she lay, or to be torn to pieces by the lions if she tried to escape. The whole proceeding of offering the sacrifice was carried on in the strictest silence.

Iole had been held prisoner, since her abduction, in the house of the High Priest. She had spent the first day of her captivity in weeping, but she wore herself out at last and fell into a sort of stupor from which she could not be roused. She had hoped at first that in some way her lover would come to her aid, but she lost all hope when she was told by the young Egyptian that Marcus had left some days before on a hunting excursion, which was to last a month. Marcus had indeed started with a party of young Persian nobles for a hunting excursion, but when they were about two days' journey from the city he was taken ill, and was forced to stop at the house of a peasant farmer, where he received the best care that the poor people could give. He was not sick long, for his iron con-



stitution aided by the nourishing food soon asserted itself, and by the morning of the third day he felt strong enough to return to the city. As he mounted his horse, he decided to return by a different route, so that he would pass through the village of Philida and again see Iole. After a hard day's ride he reached the village, and leaving his horse in the street he entered the house where he had left his sweetheart, and where he confidently expected to find her now. He was met in the hall by an old slave, whose face showed signs of much weeping. Upon being questioned he told of the fate of Iole, and that her father had died from grief shortly after being liberated from the strong room, in which he had been locked by the servants of the High Priest of Baal.

Marcus' face turned to a deadly pallor and he staggered as though from a heavy blow. When he had somewhat regained his composure he asked, "Was it not the young Egyptian who guided the priest to this house?" The slave answered that it was.

"The wretch!" muttered Marcus. "If any harm comes to Iole I will see that he pays for it with his heart's blood." Then he asked abruptly, "Is not this the last day of the festival?" The slave again answered in the affirmative, and Marcus rushed from the house without waiting for further information. He mounted his horse and rode away at a furious pace toward Babylon. All night he rode and entered the gates of the city soon after they were opened, at sunrise. He went at once to his house, where he secured a change of raiment and a bath. Going out upon the street he made several inquiries, from which he learned that Iole had been consigned to the God Baal the day before, at noon. He decided that he could do nothing until nightfall, and so returned to his house to await the coming of darkness, and if possible to snatch a few hours of much needed sleep. He lay down upon his couch, and in spite of his worry he soon fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. When he awoke night had already fallen, and arming himself with a sword and dagger, he descended to the street.

He made his way quickly through the darkened streets, and soon found himself before the Temple of Baal. The huge structure loomed up in the darkness, cold, gray and forbidding. Marcus made his way slowly around the building, keeping in the deeper shadows. He had gone the full length of one side and had just turned the corner, when he was suddenly arrested by a sound which made his blood run cold. It was the muffled roar of a lion, and it seemed to come from the earth beneath his feet. He listened and again he heard it, louder than before. Surely he was near the place where Iole was held captive. He proceeded still more carefully, feeling the wall with his hands, for some door or passage leading into the room where stood the huge idol. He had gone about thirty paces in this manner when he stumbled over a large block of stone and fell headlong into a black stairway. Down, down



he rolled until he lay at last upon the stone floor, bruised and shaken, but not seriously hurt. As he lay there he mused over the accident that had just befallen him.

That stairway was surely a secret; probably the stone over which he fell was used to close it. But it was open now, and some one acquainted with its existence must have opened it. Probably those he was seeking were here in the Temple now, bent on some secret deviltry, perhaps some harm to Iole, if she were not already torn to pieces by the lions. At this thought he leaped to his feet and, grasping his sword in his right hand, groped his way forward in the darkness. He did not know how far he had gone when he came in contact with a door which was standing slightly ajar. He passed through this and found himself at the foot of a stone staircase.

He climbed up this for a considerable distance, when he suddenly came to an abrupt turn. Ahead he could see a faint glimmer of light. He proceeded as noiselessly as a cat, and when he came to the light, he found himself upon a narrow landing. The light came from a torch stuck in a ring in the wall. To his right another flight of stairs led up into blank darkness. Marcus seized the torch in his left hand and climbed cautiously up the second flight. He had not gone far when he heard the roaring of the lions close at hand. As he ascended, the roaring increased until it was almost deafening. Suddenly it ceased and Marcus heard voices, seemingly above him. He climbed nearer, until he could hear what was being said. The speakers were two men, one of whom he recognized by his voice as the Egyptian. "I tell thee it can be done," he was saying. "We will leave some of her clothes in the pit with the lions, and scatter fresh bones and blood over the floor, and the other priests will never know but that she was eaten by the lions."

"Well," said the other, "if thou art willing to pay a large enough sum I will undertake to carry out the scheme for you."

"Pay," cried the Egyptian, "I will pay thee enough to keep thee in luxury all the rest of thy life. I have horses waiting at the East gate now to bear the damsel and myself from this accursed country. I go to fetch the damsel at once, and thou must attend to the rest."

Marcus could see another light above him, so he extinguished his torch and crept nearer in the darkness. He soon entered a small round room, lighted by two torches. At the other side of the room stood a man dressed as a priest of Baal. He stood with his back turned toward the stairs. Marcus glided across the intervening space and, raising his sword, dealt the prelate a terrific blow with the flat side of it. The man doubled up and fell without a sound. Marcus now began to examine his surroundings more minutely. He saw for the first time that he was inside of the statue of Baal. He searched everywhere for an opening, and at last he came upon a small ring set in one of the huge stones of the wall. He pulled on this and the stone swung back on well-



oiled hinges, and before him he saw the Egyptian stooping over the inanimate figure of Iole. She lay face downward in the hollow between the huge stone knees of the idol. Just at that moment the lions began their roaring anew, and the Egyptian, as though startled, raised his head and glanced around him. When he saw Marcus, he uttered a low cry and sprang upon him. "Thou shalt not rob me of my triumph at the last minute," he cried. The struggle was short, for the Egyptian, though strong, was no match for the Greek. Slowly he was forced backwards until he stood on the very edge of the idol's huge stone knee. Then with a mighty effort, Marcus raised him from his feet and threw him headlong into the pit below.

Marcus now turned his attention to Iole. He was almost afraid to look into her face, for fear she was already dead. He raised her and put his ear to her breast. Her heart was beating regularly. "The gods be praised," he cried, "she has only fainted from lack of food and exhaustion." So saying, he gathered her in his arms and carried her quickly through the round room, past the unconscious priest, down the stone steps, and out into the cool air. He hurried through the now deserted streets toward the East gate. Here he found a slave waiting in the shadow of the wall. The slave opened a small wicket in the gate and they passed through. On the outside were two high-spirited horses held by another slave.

"Where is our master?" asked the one who had admitted him.

"He was delayed at the last minute, and I came in his place," answered Marcus. He mounted one of the horses and rode away into the night, holding Iole in front of him.

After weeks of hard traveling by land and sea, they reached Athens. It was many months before Iole fully recovered from the shock and the loss of her father. Her recovery was much aided by the loving care of Marcus.

As long as the Temple of Baal stood, the people told of the strange disappearance of Marcus, Iole, and the young Egyptian. They all agreed that Baal must have taken Iole away to himself, but many were the ideas ventured as to the fate of the other two.





The Sin of Pegraleinus

HOMER SOSSO, '12.



EARLY nineteen years have passed since I made my entrance into the valley of Sartia. For seventeen years I lived among the Sartians, the time being spent in studying the people, and in deciphering the sheets containing the history of ancient Sartia. These notes and translations I wrote on papyrus paper, prepared for me by the people, which I carefully carried with me.

As the years went by I felt the call of home, and made known my desire to go to Erios. He endeavored to persuade me to remain, but seeing his entreaties were useless, offered to assist me in every way within his power. I knew it would be no easy matter for me to make my way home, situated as the island was. Constant watchfulness by night and day was my only hope. For the purpose of signaling any passing vessel, three of the hill folk were stationed on one of the highest mountain peaks during the day, and one attended a huge fire by night. I, myself, often passed the day in roaming over the hills, scanning the sea for a ship or craft of some kind.

I had made a rude canoe and in it visited the neighboring islands, searching out every nook and cranny on them. Thus matters rested for some time.

One calm day in the wintry season I dragged my little canoe from its shelter on the beach, and prepared to spend a day on the water. I had been confined by a spell of bad weather, and naturally took advantage of such a splendid opportunity for a day of recreation.

I had pulled out beyond the breakers and was resting on my oars, undecided as to what course to take, when a distant murmur resembling a faint roll of thunder caused me some apprehension. Although no clouds were in sight I was fearful of being caught at sea in my frail craft by the storms which so suddenly spring up. But before I had a chance to pick up my oars to pull for shore, the canoe was thrown violently on one side by an enormous wave, which seemed to rise immediately beneath me. Another rose on my right and half filled the canoe with water. It was small wonder I did not go to the bottom, but fortune seemed to favor me, for I succeeded in bailing out the water and in keeping myself afloat amidst a sea, the like of which I never want to see again.

One of my oars was gone, but grasping the other I prepared to row



to the island as soon as the waves had subsided. I glanced in what I thought to be the direction in which the island lay. I could not see it and so turned the other way. There I faced the group of three small islands. By standing with these on my left I should have faced the island. But there was no island there! I stood perplexed, trying to reason it out. It had been there a moment before and now it was gone. It seemed hardly possible that it could have sunk below the sea; and yet, as I recollected the sudden disturbance which had so nearly proved disastrous to me, my conjecture seemed more probable. To put it to proof I proceeded to row to the spot I imagined the island had occupied.

I was disappointed. No tip of rock, nor any floating evidence, was visible. There was absolutely no trace of an island's existence at this spot. I counted the remaining islands again and again. But alas! there were only six. I was dumfounded. My situation was not a pleasant one. Out at sea in a frail canoe, with only six barren islands for refuge, without food or water, and with only one oar. I was indeed pretty badly off.

With the sun as my guide I set out, determined to make an effort to reach some place where I would be apt to be picked up by a passing vessel. I was but twenty miles from shore, but I knew only too well that I could not hope for succor in that direction.

For three days I kept on, husbanding my strength, yet making good progress each day. It had rained but once, and I managed to collect a small store of water, small indeed, but enough to keep me alive a little longer. Finally that gave out, and left me too weak to row. The sun, when up, increased my agony. At night I was seized with the cold, and lay huddled in the bottom of the canoe, unable to move. So mild had the winter been that I had little fear of running into any ice; my only fear was that the canoe would be overturned in a storm. And yet a storm meant rain, and rain meant salvation. But the rain did not come.

I must have soon become unconscious, for I remembered nothing more. When I regained consciousness, I found myself lying in the bunk of a cabin aboard a whaling vessel. I was still weak but was out of danger and on the road to recovery. In fact, before we had rounded the Horn I was up and able to do my share in working the vessel. When we docked in New York I had almost forgotten my terrible experiences.

Before I left the ship I learned the story of my rescue. The canoe had been sighted by the mate while the vessel was homeward bound. The ship was hove to and a boat sent out to bring it in. I was discovered in a terrible condition, and it seemed unlikely that I could possibly pull through. Everything was done, however, to keep the spark of life from going out. Only for the diligence and care of the crew, I would never have lived.



I found my papers intact and, upon arriving home, set about fulfilling the request of my lost friend Erios. Much of the history of ancient Sartia is interesting only to those who are versed in archaeology. Still more is it so incomprehensible to the modern mind that I hesitated to let it go beyond me. However, I wrote out the last part, which proves conclusively that a race of human beings, civilized and educated, once inhabited the southern polar continent, which was undoubtedly of a different character from the one we are acquainted with.

This last part is written by the high priest of the temple, who styled himself, Holy One.

* * * * *

At last the ceremony is over. Pegraleinus is crowned king. Outside the people shout his praise. Silly sheep that they are, seekers of pleasure; they will soon shout in a different tone. 'Tis not wholly their own fault for Pegraleinus has easily blinded them with his great feasts and presents, and fine promises of future pleasure. He has a smooth tongue and a fine manner, and, with his cunning, it is little wonder he has caught the eye of the simple folk. But now he is safely on the throne, he will shear them well and can safely laugh at their complaints. I know that it is wrong to talk so of my king, but I feel that the people and my brethren are in grave danger.

Pegraleinus is the son of a woodsman, who left his home at an early age and made his abode in our city. Here he fell into the clutches of that evil woman, Nerk. Whatever good qualities were in him she quickly destroyed, the evil she nourished and fostered. From her he gained his education, his cunning ways and all the other vile things he used to further his plans. Through him she spread the evil she delighted in; a drop here, a drop there, until the city, once the proudest and best in the land and reverently called Haida (the Beautiful) by the people, came to be shunned by all the good country folk, who renamed it Karng (the Place of Evil). To it have come all those of evil repute, while the good folk have taken their possessions and have gone to seek homes in other places.

Thus did the coming of Pegraleinus signal the doom of Haida, and more, of all Sartia. For he defied the Almighty Dro and desecrated the high throne of Sartia by his presence.

It happened in this wise. On the 29th day of the second season, the good King Hron passed into the dominions of Dro. The news was quickly spread from the tower of the temple, bidding the country go into mourning. Ever since the first feast and great council of the season the old king had been ailing. Seeing this, and following the ancient custom, I consulted with the brethren of the temple and selected one



who was to be the candidate of the Almighty Dro. Orna Liarma, a man of the western country, being fearless, wise, and just, was named the chosen one. Then the proclamation was made to the people, that those who wished might inscribe their name upon the list of candidates.

When the list was brought to me it contained five names; four of these were unknown to me; but one, that of Pegraleinus, I knew only too well. Here indeed is a man to be feared; for the entire city is peopled with his kind, and in his wise and cunning way, he let no breath of suspicion against himself spoil his plans. In this manner he gained the good will of many; with his promises of increasing the wealth of the country and assisting the country folk. These promises he knew would never be fulfilled. I also knew this, and foresaw the trouble in store if he were put upon the throne. But yet it seemed certain that the people would not ignore the high appointed of our Dro, for then, and then only would peace be in the land. But nothing can be done until the day of selection. In the meantime Pegraleinus is abroad, feasting the people on the bread his soldiers have snatched from their very mouths; and yet they loudly acclaim his glory.

As I feared, the people demanded that Pegraleinus be crowned king. The council declared that it was the will of all the people that Pegraleinus be made king over all Sartia. This meant that the people were with him in his defiance of Dro.

"And wherefore," I remarked, "do you find that this son of a woodsman, this spender of money; a vain man, seeking only pleasure in the company of his vile companions, has the qualities that are necessary in one who holds the highest seat in all the land? Can you show me why this man has been placed before Lairma, the chosen one, through whom only Dro will speak? Do you care to have the anger of Dro laid upon you and yours?"

"Never before has such a thing been, that he should be defied, his commands disregarded. But to say more is useless. Go, then, and make this evil one thy king, and I will pray to intercede for you that you may be spared in your foolishness. Go to thy master and tell him this—that the Almighty Dro is watching over his people; and will surely punish him if he brings evil on the land."

So, they, sullen and muttering, took themselves away, leaving me to subdue my anger by recollecting that I was a priest of the temple.

Thus the days went by. Pegraleinus spent most of his time in company of others of his set, feasting and drinking, and in the sports of their liking. The coffers of the general fund were well filled, and so I knew that it would be some time before the new king would exercise his power to gather more wealth from the people. Yet as season after season



went by, and there was no outcry from the people nor trouble in the city, I became alarmed, fearing that some great and evil plan was on foot. I went out little, nor did many of the brethren go beyond the limits of the temple, so I knew but little of what was going on in the palace and neighborhood. What news I had was gathered from the criers bidding all come to some royal feast, given that the king might publish his lavishness and splendor, and increase his cortege. Many indeed were these feasts, and had I not known the character of Pegraleinus, I might have eased my fears with the thought that he had forgotten the message I had so impetuously delivered to his council. As it was my fears increased with every sundown. I even decided that, for the sake of the people, I would present myself to Pegraleinus and make my excuses for a hasty speech.

Fortunately I was not driven to such an extreme. I was seated in my room, deep in my studies, when one of the brethren entered with word that a woman had come to the temple asking for me. I was surprised.

“A woman, you say!” I cried. “And what manner of woman is she?”

“I know not, O Holy One, save as she seems in great need.”

“Send her in here then,” I said, and returned to my work.

Seating myself with my back to the entrance, I awaited the arrival of my visitor. Before me on the wall hung a silvered reflector in which was revealed to me the character of any person who entered. I had been seated but shortly when the hangings were pushed aside and on the threshold stood the daughter of old King Hron. Her I knew, and so immediately rose, receiving her salutations with a kindly nod.

“It has been some time since I have had the honor of a visit from you, O Hronver,” I said.

“Indeed,” she replied, “since my father has gone my time has not been my own. O Holy One, I come to you in great need. That evil monster, Pegraleinus, has demanded that I attend his feasts and seat myself by his side, where he may force his attentions upon me. And more, by day and night a watch is kept over me, and none, save he and his vassals, may visit me. I cannot stand it; I will not. Now he has tried to force me to marry him. I would not and told him to begone; that such an evil one as he would never take me to wife. I did more; I told him that he and his companions would bring the country to ruin, and call down the anger of the Almighty Dro upon the innocent folk. Then he grew wroth and cried out that on the morrow he would prepare a great feast and make me his wife before all the people, whether I would or not. And knowing him and his ways, I have come to seek refuge here with you.”

“This is a poor place to seek refuge, Hronver. Only the twelve sacred



women can rest here. Know you not that Pegraleinus can claim you here as in his own palace? I only am secure. May the Almighty Dro protect you and keep you from the clutches of our evil king. As for me I—I—"

I stopped abruptly. In front of me was the silvered reflector. In it I saw thirteen candles light one by one. I gasped, and turned quickly to the back of the room. There was nothing! I turned back again but the reflection had disappeared. Glancing at Hronver I saw that she had seen nothing, and so made a slight excuse for my strange actions.

Calling one of the brethren, I bade him conduct Hrouver to the prayer room. Then I sat down to puzzle out the meaning of the miracle, thirteen candles lighting one by one, and the last, I had noted, was brighter than the rest. Surely it was a message but what I could not discover. Thirteen! Thirteen! Thirteen! Could it be an answer to my prayer? It couldn't mean that—

With a bound I was up. Now I had it. Thirteen candles—thirteen sacred women. Ah! now all was clear. Dro commanded me to make Hronver a sacred woman and then she would be secure against all the evil of Pegraleinus. So elated was I, that I proceeded immediately to the prayer room, not waiting for one of the brethren to bring Hronver to me.

I soon acquainted Hronver with my discovery and she readily agreed to become one of the sacred women, and so be saved from Pegraleinus. The ceremony was completed with all expediency as I feared an interruption. Hronver had told me that it was her custom to visit the temple every day to pray. However, her visits were not of great length, and, as a considerable period had passed since she entered my room, it was very likely that the spies placed outside had reported her long stay. It would naturally excite suspicion in Pegraleinus' mind, this long stay. Most likely he would take this opportunity to make me a visit and perhaps use his power as king to retaliate in some way for my message. It was not so much for myself, as for those surrounding me, that I feared. There seemed no extreme to his audacity; yet even he would not dare to touch the person of the chosen Holy One of Dro. Nor would he dare the righteous anger of Dro to secure possession of Hronver. She at least was safe.

However, my fears proved ungrounded; at least for the time. The day passed and nothing happened. The very streets seemed more quiet. No criers were abroad, so I surmised the great feast was not to be held. I began to hope that Pegraleinus, fearing to turn the people against himself, decided to let matters rest. I cautioned the brethren to watch carefully the temple and more particularly the quarters of the sacred women. These precautions taken I returned to my own rooms.



It was on the third day following that the alarm was given. One of the brethren came running in with word that the soldiery and Pegraleinus' escort were rapidly marching towards the temple. I hurried out to receive, according to custom, the first visit of the new king. Now, the first visit of the king to the temple is always made unattended, or with one or two slaves. Therefore Pegraleinus' action was an open defiance of the ancient custom, and more, a display of force to intimidate me. I, however, purposely misunderstood his intentions, and made a great show of being honored by the cavalcade.

Pegraleinus looked surprised. Then he scowled fiercely and remarked that it was a somewhat different honor from that which I was expecting.

"And furthermore, O Holy One," he sneered, "remember this, that the king shall be supreme in this land and even you of the temple shall obey my commands.

"It has been reported to me that the daughter of King Hron has taken refuge here. If this is true you shall be made to suffer, O Holy One, you and all others who stand in my way. Know you not that what the king desires is his? Bring forth this woman and all shall be well, but if you do not, then I shall surely punish you."

"Hronver has become one of the sacred women, O king," I said, "and belongs to Dro. Even I cannot command her."

He glared sullenly at me, balked and beaten; he was powerless to do more.

"Are there not only twelve women who are sacred?" he inquired.

"Yes, O king, but it is the command of the Almighty Dro that this thing should be."

"Oho! The command of Dro, you say. And where is this command? Can you show me proof of it?"

"I have not any proof," I stammered.

"No indeed you have not. Ah! this is a well laid plot you have worked out, but I have undone it. Ho, guards!"

A dozen soldiers sprang forward in answer to his call.

"Watch these priests and see they do not interfere," he commanded, and strode into the temple.

I stood speechless with astonishment and rage, that he should dare. I was tempted to follow and turn him from his purpose. But my way was barred by the guards and I recollect how useless it was to reason with a man like Pegraleinus. There was nothing to do. Using force was out of the question. Even if I prevented this abduction, it would but delay matters, for Pegraleinus had a much stronger force at his command than I could resist. There was really only one way, that was to raise the people against him. It would be a difficult task, more so if he should cunningly hold his hand until a later period. Yet it was my duty to



see that the crimes of this ill-doer were punished and to right the wrong he had already done.

While I was thus cogitating, Pegraleinus reappeared bearing in his arms the form of Hronver. There was a slight murmur from the crowd but no further move was made. As he passed I saw her pale face and beseeching eyes that struck me to the heart. With a cry I bounded forward, and would have violated the laws of the temple, even at the risk of my life, had not two guards seized and held me close.

Pegraleinus glanced contemptuously at me.

“Behold,” he cried, raising Hronver above his head, “the power of the king.”

Then with an evil laugh he proceeded on his way, while I was left filled with rage and despair. Helpless, guarded as I was, I could merely follow with my eyes the slow movements of the procession.

When all had disappeared from view the guards released me and followed in the wake of the others. I slowly made my way through the temple, seeing not the frightened brethren nor heeding the cries of the remaining twelve women. In my room again I sat down to study out what I could do. I knew this was but the beginning and that Pegraleinus would grow bolder unless a stop was put to his further actions.

Seated at my table I pondered over the matter, seeking a remedy for it. The day passed and night came on. Still the problem remained unsolved. It was a difficult one, but an answer there was, and I was determined to find it. I sat thus far into the night.

I was disturbed by a step within the room. Thinking it was one of the brethren on an errand, I glanced in the reflector. It revealed nothing. I turned quickly to the entrance but there was no one there. I stepped outside but still could see no one. Amazed at this I seated myself to watch for the intruder's return. Thinking to catch him I watched the reflector constantly. But as nothing happened I turned away, only glancing up occasionally.

One time when I was gazing into the silver face of the reflector I noticed that it seemed to have lost its brilliancy, becoming stained as though breathed on. As I watched, its entire surface deepened to a cloud-white color. I rubbed my eyes to be sure I was seeing clearly, and roused myself from the lethargy I had fallen into. Yet the miracle remained.

Then suddenly, as if cut out, writing appeared. It was sharp and distinct and I had no difficulty in reading it. This is the message:

“Take thyself and thy friends away from this land into the North, stopping not until the sea is reached. Here, then, follow the white trail.”

I had scarcely finished reading when it faded away, leaving the reflector untarnished. My exhausted brain was in no condition to grapple



with this new problem. The day had been a strenuous one, and I had spent a greater part of the night in deep study. The mere words confused me, their meaning was beyond my comprehension. Leaving it for the morrow I threw myself on the couch and soon slept.

The day was well advanced when I awoke. The first thing I saw when I was fully aroused was the silvered reflector hanging on the opposite wall. I immediately recollected the strange proceedings of the night. The exact words of the message were fixed in my mind. That it was a message I had no doubt, but its import I failed to grasp. The only possible explanation that suggested itself was this: that it was a warning sent to enable such of the people as were not under the influence of Pegraleinus to escape the punishment he had brought down upon himself and his companions by his evil doings. The more I pondered over it, the more probable this appeared, until I accepted it all and set about preparing for the voyage.

The first step was to pick out those whom I was to take with me. A great deal of care was necessary, for Pegraleinus' friends were many, and it would not do to let him become aware of any move on my part. I came to a final decision that it would be best to take the entire section of people who lived among the mountains in the western country. I could communicate directly with these through Lairma, who was held in great esteem by these simple people.

Lairma readily consented to assist me. He sent a portion of the people to me. By this division we would be able to travel with less trouble. We were to travel separately to Sors, which was situated on the sea. Little or no watch was kept in the city, all being busied in preparing for the great feast which was to be held the night we were to depart. All the folk in every district were to come to it, with the exception of those who composed our little bands. This feast was being held by Pegraleinus to celebrate his betrothal to the beautiful Hronver. Alas, poor Hronver! I desired greatly to assist her but a great trust had been committed to me and it was necessary that I give my whole time to its fulfillment.

When the appointed time came all was in readiness. Each family came separately to a little knoll outside the city gates. From here we started on our journey to the sea. Everything was done in absolute quietness, even the voices of the children being subdued. Everyone felt that the hand of Dro was hanging over him and with fear in his heart hurried on. The sounds of merriment, blast of horns and clanging of cymbals reached us dimly as we passed through the hills surrounding the city.

We were first to arrive at the meeting place. I set a watch and cautioning the people to keep silent and not wander away, I set about securing boats for our sea voyage. I discovered five lying on the beach



a short distance away. Four of these would easily hold all of the people who were to go. This matter settled I returned to watch for the coming of the rest.

We had not long to wait. They came by the road which ran around the base of the mountain of Sors, from which the town derived its name. While the people exchanged salutations, Lairma and I held a consultation. We had followed our instructions so far, but there was no sign of any white trail or anything similar to it. Lairma suggested that we await developments. This seemed the only feasible thing to do, so I bade the people to seek shelter nearby for the time.

Lairma and I were standing talking together, when a sudden shock threw us both violently on the ground. We had scarcely risen, when a series of terrific convulsions seized the earth. Great cracks opened on all sides of us, only to close again. The cries of the alarmed people were drowned by a roar of increasing volume. To move was impossible; if one stood it was only to be hurled down again. A pace forward and the earth opened beneath. I hugged the ground and prayed that we be spared.

While thus occupied, a great wave broke over me. I sprang up, supporting myself as best I could. The water was all around me, reaching above my knees. The sea, then, was flooding the land. No time was to be lost, if we were to escape alive. Shouting, "To the boats," I dashed forward, risking my life in an effort to reach them before it would be too late. As I passed the groups of people I shouted to them to follow me.

By the time I had reached the boats the water was above my head. Two of the boats were filled with water and were useless. The others were easily righted, and as fast as the people came up they were helped aboard. I saw that the boats were drifting towards the shore, and so ordered out the oars to keep them off.

All this time both sea and land were in great commotion. The high peak of Sors had sunk so low that the sea had all but covered it. But more astonishing was a high dark mass, looming up in the direction in which the city of Haida laid. Higher and higher it rose, until, with a sudden puff, a stream of gases burst out with a tremendous force and rose to a great height. This immense cloud of white gaseous vapor spread out in a long path which was soon stretched over our heads. The two great folds of earth fell back and the sea spread itself over the spot.

But our attention was held elsewhere. I recognized the similarity of this vapor to the great white trail we were to follow. Lairma also recognized it as such, and so all haste was made to get under way.

For days we continued to keep beneath the enormous cloud, which was, however, diminishing. All around us there was nothing but water



to be seen. I was becoming alarmed by the smallness of our food and water supply. There was a sufficiency for several days, but we saw no indications of land. The next day the remaining portion of the vapor had entirely dissipated. We were undecided what course to follow now that our guide was gone. Our direction had been principally northeast and so we continued to face our vessels that way. As evening came on and the sun was waning, its great body was partially obscured by the faint outline of land. When it was announced that our final destination was in sight, the people became greatly excited. Many were for going on, but the wiser heads decided that it was safer to remain where we were for the night.

The next day we set the sun behind us and made all speed towards the land we had sighted. It was more distant than we imagined, and required nearly half the day to reach. As we drew near we saw that it was a group of islands, seven in number. They were uninviting in appearance, and many words of bitterness and disappointed expectancy reached my ears. But above the largest of them hovered a large white bird, and I was comforted by the knowledge that Dro still watched over us.

On this island we landed, drawing our boats up to the face of the precipitous cliffs. Precipitous they certainly were and how to surmount them was the question. We decided to send out a party in each direction to discover an opening in the face of the cliff whereby we could penetrate to the center of the island. I headed one party, Lairma the other. Our party was unsuccessful and returned without having seen so much as a crevice. The others had been more fortunate as we saw by their excited gestures.

Lairma, himself, came on to meet us and report that he had discovered a milk white stream issuing from the face of the cliff. I hastened to the spot. It apparently issued from a hole in the face of the cliff at a height of twelve men. I saw that it would be necessary to improvise a ladder to climb to the opening. A rude but serviceable one was constructed with the material of one of the boats. This we carried to the foot of the cliff where the stream ran down, and set it up. Some of the more agile ones clambered up to explore the opening. The rest of us remained below, anxiously awaiting their return. They soon came out and shouted down that the cave extended far back, but that they dared not proceed through lack of light.

Preparing a bunch of torches I ascended to conduct the further exploration of the cave. With the light provided we were able to make rapid progress along the tunnel, as we found it to be. It was not of great length and our own lights were soon dimmed by the daylight streaming in from an opening at the other end. This opening led out onto a broad ledge upon which we stood and gazed down upon a most wonderful spectacle.



Beneath the ledge lay a valley spread with a carpet of green. Both wide and long it was, of ample size for the home of many more than we numbered. Here, then, was our future home, and it was a goodly one. But how to reach it?

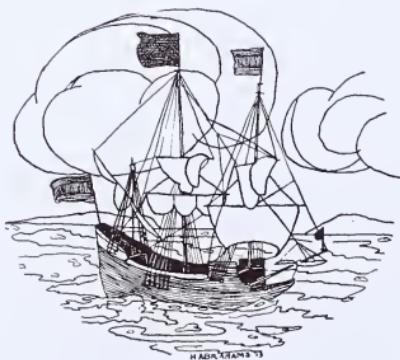
We were too high above the floor of the valley for any ladder we could provide to reach. But when we came to the end of the ledge we saw a steep and narrow ravine, by means of which we could manage to descend. Word was sent back to those who had stayed below to come and bring the goods we had carried with us. I remained to study out the possibilities of the valley.

When all had reached the ledge the descent commenced. It was difficult and tedious, but we arrived at the bottom without injury. Thus by the grace of Dro we were spared and guided to this new land which we would soon call home. And a worthy home it was. The soil was moist and rich, wild animals were plentiful, numerous springs assured us of water, and only shelter was lacking. In this land we settled and never fail to thank the Almighty Dro for the benefits we derive from it.

I often wonder how those who were left behind in the old Sartia fared. Surely, theirs was a terrible death. I can see sometimes, as in a vision, the great city of Haida lying beneath the turbulent sea, fishes swarming the streets once so gay with people. And there, too, at the banquet table in the hall of the palace sits King Pegraleinus with his queen, Hronver, by his side. He deserved the punishment he brought down upon the land, and perhaps he alone should have suffered. But it is not for me to say.

This much I have learned by the fate of Pegraleinus: that he who would pleasure have, must pay well for it; and in sinning, find his own punishment.

(The End.)





The '12 Class Prophecy

H. REICHHOLD, '12.

Did you ever hear of Professor Gookenheimer? No? Neither did I until a few weeks ago a short, bearded person with plate glass over his eyes walked into the Electrical Shop with an immense roll of blue prints under his arm. He walked up to Mr. Dodge, and after the greetings were over, the two went into a long and earnest confab in which the blue prints were looked over and explained. Well, the professor finally went, leaving the plans with our honorable instructor. They called for a new machine, a wonderful piece of apparatus, which had the remarkable power of telling a person's future, ambitions, etc. Perhaps a brief description would be interesting.

In the first place there is a typewriter arrangement by means of which the person's characteristics are made known to the internal mechanism. The remaining part is encased in a large steel cylinder; this is the prophesier proper. The internal mechanism consists of a complex assortment of gears, cams, levers and springs. These are in turn connected with a printing arrangement which prints on a card the person's future. You may ask, how can a mere mass of metal prophesy a thing so complex as a person's future? but the professor, it seems, has made a life-study of people, their lives, characteristics, etc., and therefore knows pretty well what is likely to happen to a tall, thin blond or a short, fat brunette. He has succeeded after many years of hard work in incorporating his knowledge into a machine which does automatically and almost instantaneously what formerly took him a whole week.

The machine was finally finished, most things are even in the Electrical Shop, and had to be tested. After finding that everything was O. K. I took the liberty of running my shipmates of the '12 class through it to see what their future looked like, and here is the result:

Boyle will be a farmer. His only ambition will be to raise three crops of hay a year and persuade the hens to come through with two eggs every day. We all certainly wish him the best of success, don't we, fellows?

"Red" Gibbs comes next. He will be a rubber in a Turkish Bath, and his great ambition will be to save up enough coin to go and see what the Cliff House looks like.

Next is Goldman. The machine says that he will be a conductor on an Eighth-street car. (Imagine Goldie copping car tickets from the younger generation.) His only ambition will be to get a day off.

The next three fellows can't be separated very well. They are Ham-



mestrom, Lloyd and Maritzen, otherwise known as the Dauntless Three. They will start a sideshow in which Hamm will appear as the Wild Man from Borneo, Lloyd will be the Bearded Lady and Pete will be the ticket seller, barker and general utility man. They will have one ambition in common, to get a wad of dough.

'Andsome 'Arry 'Ansell will also appear before the public, in the role of a hypnotist. His great ambition will be to hypnotize a Dachshund. We always knew Harry was a strong-minded coot.

Hildebrandt's future is very complex. He will first be a bat-boy for the Seals, but will rise through the ranks to the position of umpire. His great longing will be to get out of the game alive.

"Bing" Hynes' future looks quite rosy; he'll be the manager of the Seals. His ambition, of course, will be to have them nab the pennant. Here's luck, Bing.

Holmes will have the best kind of a cinch. He will fall heir to a fortune consisting of a million iron men. This will enable him to break into society. His hardest work will consist of attending balls, banquets, etc., etc. His greatest ambition will be to get an invite from Mrs. Astor-bilt, the queen of society.

And next, Jorgesson. Poor Jorgie! All the machine will tell of him is that he will be married while still a youth and will have eight little Jorgies yelling "papa" at him. No ambitions recorded. I suppose married men don't have any.

Jacobson is to be a minion of the law, that is, a cop. (Don't laugh, gentlemen.) This is a very good biz. All you have to do is to walk around town all day in a swell blue uniform with brass buttons and a beautiful nickel-plated badge. His ambition will be to catch a second-story man.

Alas! how the mighty have fallen. Roy Kluver, at present the proud possessor of a block "W," is to become a mere moving-picture actor. Still, Roy should make a hit as a dark, sneaky villain. His great burning desire will be to see his mighty name on the billboards in foot-high letters.

"Frenchy" Lassell, so we are informed, will start a motorcycle factory in Tiburon. He ought to make good for he is some whale on the devil-chaser question. His great ambition will be to collect enough of the long green to go to Germany and see what the Kaiser looks like.

"Mike" Massed, our little demon basketball player, will journey far from the fold. In some way, probably on the brakebeams, he will get into Texas and start life as a cowman. His ambition will be to become owner of the ranch so he can boss the other fellows around.

"Pinkie" Nelson will be the only fellow to follow his chosen calling. In other syllables, he will be a great and famous architect. "Pink" always



The Wilmerding Life

was a shark, yuh know. His great ambition will be for some one to let him figure on a dog-house so he can show his great skill.

Nichols is next. He will be Nelson's office boy on a salary of five dollars per week. Compared with his employer's income his salary will be very large. All office boys have the same desire—to get off and go to the ball game. Well, Elmer is saving up a bunch of grandmothers.

Newman and Rankin, our two speedy (?) boys, will both be politicians. They will, in the course of their career, run for mayor of Milpitas. Also they will have the ambition, namely, to clean (?) the town. Let's hope the best man wins.

"Jawn" Peabody will only move across the street, that is, to Lick, for he is to be the new instructor in Domestic Science. Just think of the chances for "queening." John's great desire will be for some nice, pretty little suffragette to come up to him and say, "John, I love you; will you be my hubby?" And he will say, if he has the nerve, "Yep," just like that. John, poor fellow, hasn't the nerve to pop the question himself. Anybody that laughs at him is no gentleman.

Say, fellows, look out for Reichhold and Sublette. I always knew they were a bunch of crooks. Their future is as one, just like the present. They are going to be gun-runners. In case you don't know what a gun-runner is I will tell you. A gun-runner is a person who makes it his business to start a revolution in some Central American Republic and then sell the rebels guns condemned by Uncle Sam in 1865. This was Sub's idea, but then Reich's wild Irish blood is always craving excitement, so it is probably the fault of one as much as the other. Their ambition will be to not get caught. Rash young men, some fine morning they will get a firing-squad. (They need it, anyway, at least Sub. does.)

L. Hampton Vane's future is closely connected with the above desperadoes. He will be the commander of the rebel forces for whom the foregoing villains will rush the guns. His modest ambition will be to win, become president of the ill-fated nation and marry a pretty little senorita. *Viva la republique.*

Our old friend Roberts, King of Plumbers, will stay just where he is. He will be the new instructor of plumbing in the new school. Mr. Woods will resign in Robert's favor. His great desire will be to have the school present him with a sofa so that he can take it easy.

"Doc" Sosso will get a good position as editor of the Women's Page on one of our great dailies. (Hurrah for Doc.) His great and most lofty ambition will be to become editor-in-chief so that he can fire the office boy.

Zecher will become a rich and prosperous brewer. His ambition will be to run all the other breweries out of town. Go ahead, old sport; anything's fair in love or business.



"Scotchie" Turnbull will spend the rest of his days in making chicken-coops and dog-houses. (Don't laugh; this business is very profitable.) His only desire will be to get into the union as a sure-nuff carpenter.

Stephen was a hard proposition. We had to run him through the machine twice, but here's the result: He will be a successful banker; by successful is meant one that gets away with the funds and don't get caught; he will have three houses and five autos. His only ambition will be for some nice and titled duke to run off with his daughter.

Zwerlein, last on the program, will be the inventor of a new and marvelous buttonhook. His great ambition will be to realize enough on it to get a square meal. We sincerely hope he gets it.

Editor's Note.—The author of this article is now traveling through Europe so there is no chance for violence.

Individual Histoty of the '12 Class

GEO. HYNES, '12.

ALFRED BOYLE—"Farmer."

Has always been an active supporter of all class and school activities and a contributor to the paper.

ALEC. GOLDEMAN—"Goldie."

Manager of baseball team, '11; manager of basketball team, '12; member interclass baseball team, '10.

FRANK GIBBS—"Red."

Football team, '09; basketball team, '11-'12; captain swimming team, '12; captain track team, '12; yell leader, '12; Board of Control, '10-'12.

HARRY HANSELL—"Slim."

Member track team, '11, and has always supported interclass athletics and all other school activities.

FRED HAMMARSTROM—"Ham."

Member of LIFE art staff, '11-'12; member interclass track and baseball teams, '10.

FLOYD HOLMES—"Kifer."

President Student Body, '12; Exchange Editor of LIFE, '11-'12; basketball team, '12.

CHAS. HILDEBRANDT—"Hildie."

Grounds and Property Committee three terms, '11-'12; captain basketball team, '12; baseball team, '11-'12; basketball team, '11-'12; swimming team, '11-'12; interclass baseball and basketball teams, '10-'11-'12; Freshman football team, '09; Board of Control, '10-'11-'12.



GEORGE HYNES—"Bing."

Vice-president Student Body two terms, '11-'12; Board of Control, '11; captain baseball team, '12; baseball team, '11-'12; basketball team, '12; president '12 class, '10; Grounds and Property Committee, '12; interclass baseball and basketball teams, '09-'10-'11-'12.

LOUIS JACOBSON—"Jax."

Josh Editor LIFE, '11-'12; track team, '11-'12; interclass track team, '11-'12; interclass baseball team, '11.

ARTHUR JORGENSON—"Jorgie."

Member of Debating Society and active supporter of all school activities, member interclass track team, '10-'11.

ROY KLUVER—"Alluhius."

President '12 class, '12; Board of Control, '10; president Camera Club, '11-'12; track captain, '10; track team, '10-'11-'12; B. C. A. L. delegate, '11-'12; interclass track team, '10-'11-'12.

CLARENCE JUNKER—"Junk."

Active supporter of school activities and member interclass track team, '11-'12.

CHESTER LASSELL—"Frenchy."

Member interclass baseball team, '10; interclass track team, '10-'11-'12.

WILLIAM MARITZEN—"Pete."

Supporter of class and Student Body activities and member interclass baseball team, '10.

MICHAEL MASSED—"Mike."

Basketball team, '10-'11-'12; cross country team, '10; member Camera Club; interclass basketball team, '10-'11-'12; interclass track team, '11; interclass baseball team, '10.

ELMER J. NICHOLS—"Nick."

President Student Body, '11; Editor LIFE, '11-'12; winner Lincoln Essay prize, '10; vice-president '12 class, '10; secretary '12 class, '12; secretary Debating Society, '12; school historian, '12.

IRWIN NEWMAN—"Sodium."

Track team, '11; interclass baseball, '10; interclass track team, '10-'11; general supporter athletics and other activities.

ERNEST NELSON—"Pinkie."

Active supporter of class and school activities; member orchestra, '12.

JOHN D. PEABODY—"John D."

Secretary Student Body, '12; treasurer '12 class, '12.

CHARLES RANKIN—"Fat."

General supporter of student activities.

HOMER SOSSO—"Doctor Krum."

Associate Editor of LIFE, '11-'12; interclass track team, '11-'12.



WALLACE A. STEPHEN—"Steve."

Business Manager LIFE, '10-'11; assistant manager, '09-'10; manager baseball team, '11; class secretary, '10; Board of Control, '11.

WILLIAM SUBLLETTE—"Subbie."

Contributor to school paper and ready supporter of all activities.

GEORGE R. TURNBULL—"Scotchy."

Secretary Student Body, '11; track team, '09-'10-'11-'12; track captain and manager, '11-'12; president '12 class, '10; Athletic Editor LIFE, '12; interclass track team, '09-'10-'11-'12; Board of Control, '09-'10; Grounds and Property Committee, '10-'11; S. F. A. L. delegate, '10-'11; B. C. A. L. delegate, '10-'11; vice-president Camera Club, '12.

HERBERT REICHHOLD—"Dutch."

Contributor to LIFE and general supporter of school activities.

EARL ROBERTS—"Bob."

General supporter of all activities.

WALTER ZECHER—"Dutch."

Interclass baseball team, '10-'11, and supporter of all activities.

HAMPTON VANE—"Shorty."

Winner Lincoln Essay prize, '11; contributor to the paper and assistant Josh Editor LIFE, '12.

CASPER ZWIERLEIN.

Swimming team, '12; interclass track and swimming team, '11-'12.

ALBAN LLOYD—"Sleepy."

General supporter of all school activities.





'12 Class History

F. HOLMES, '12.



JUST four years ago our class, in a spirit of expectancy and fear, entered into high school life with the same hopes of what we might become that have always existed in the hearts of all Freshmen. While trying to solve the mystery of changing periods, we were asked to select the trade or course we wished to follow, and as ours was as large a class as the school had then registered, we were nearly evenly divided, some taking drawing, some wood work, while others interested themselves in the success of plumbing and electricity.

We must have brought many wrinkles and gray hairs to our instructors in these shops by our foolish questions, but now by diligent work we have mastered these problems and our instructors are ready to turn us out as finished articles.

Through the efforts of Wilbur, the first class president, we were organized into one of the school's strongest classes, both socially and physically, as has been shown by our victories and honors won in athletic and other student activities.

While in our Sophomore year we commenced our career by capturing the interclass basketball series and have been as successful in the two following years. The same can be said of us on the track, where we have also had the honor of winning three times. From these interclass sports the teams to compete with other schools were picked and the lucky '12's were always able to contribute largely toward these teams. The school's old standbys and those upon whom we always looked to keep up the good name of Wilmerding on the track are Gibbs, Kluver and Turnbull. Not alone are these three '12 representatives wearers of the block "W," but are also holders of a school record each in his event.

We have always managed to have some of our class men on the school's basketball team, but in the senior year we came to the climax by holding five of the seven places on the team. While spending their four years at Wilmerding Gibbs and Massed have won fame among the local high schools and many compliments have been received by them upon their skillful playing and on their knowledge of the game.

Hynes, the much-talked-of "Claude Berry" of the High School League, has captained his little baseball darlings this season and expects big results.

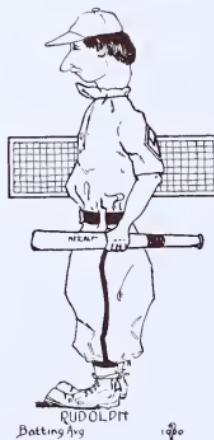


The Wilmerding Life

From start to finish the '12 Class has been complimented upon their active support of all student enterprises, and we have succeeded in carrying through a few social functions. Stephen seems to be the financier of the '12 Class as he has successfully managed our dances and also the school organ, our WILMERDING LIFE. Nichols has been the superintendent of the literary end, and Sosso, Holmes, Peabody, Jacobson, Turnbull and Hammerstrom have assisted in the various departments. All of these, dear reader, are members of the Senior class.

Members of the '12 class have been entrusted with every responsible office of the Student Body. As ex-president we have Nichols, and as president now we have Holmes, both of whom have proven efficient officers. In the present administration Hynes is vice-president and Peabody secretary.

There are other things to be said in favor of this retiring class; we are too modest to mention them. Now that we have overthrown the monster fear which clung to us in our freshman days we are ready to encounter and unfold ourselves to a greater task—that of support in the outer world, working with our comrades in life for the good of ourselves and the community. This we hope to accomplish by the knowledge gained at Wilmerding, which is, to help the fellow who has fallen and to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. With many thanks to the faculty for their help and guidance, the '12 class say good-by to the school where we have spent so many happy days.





History of the '13 Class

M. SAHLEIN, '13.

When the '13 class entered in August, 1909, it consisted of about fifty members. As Freshmen the class did not do much in the various school activities; however, we had two men, Hader and Chamberlain, on the football team. We also gave to the track team such men as Carnuff, Angus, Vodden and Borroughs, who were among the best athletes in school. Carnuff and Angus won their block letters in a short time.

The class of January brought about forty more members, and although not so successful in athletics as the August class, has developed, in the course of two years, a strength and willingness of spirit which has brought them honor in all branches of school activities.

As a class it was very small, but even so it gave the baseball team Johnson, Rudolph and Cohn. Sahlein was the only August man on the track team. Rudolph and Cohn are on this year's team playing second and third base respectively.

In the cross-country race of 1911 our team took second place. Two of



The Wilmerding Life

the five members of this team, Angus and Carnduff, were '13 classmen. In the academic indoor meet in 1910 Wilmerding took second place. There was only one '13 man entered in this meet, and he placed in the two-mile run. Since we have adopted the weight system in our interclass meets Sahlein has carried off many honors.

Our class is at the present time the smallest class in school, but if we are small we have determination and are going to keep up our end in all branches of school activities.

Rudolph and Cohn will be veterans on the baseball nine next year and should do some good work; also Hagen, Rigney and Munthe will probably be contending for positions. Cohn will be a veteran on the basketball team, while Farley and Meyer will be strong possibilities. Munthe is now assistant business manager of the LIFE with good show for promotion.

Most of the boys are taking architectural and electrical courses, but there are a few in plumbing and bricklaying.

We are nearing the goal for which we have been striving and will soon be Seniors. Think of it, fellow, Seniors! Let us all do our best to keep up the honor of our class and our school and thereby honor the name of Seniors.





'14 Class History

The '14 Class has, we think, turned out some good material this year, and as we are only third in the race, being Sophomores, we hope to do much better work before we finish our four years.

The results of the last election of officers gave us Morgan, president, and Schade, secretary.

We showed up well in the interclass meet considering the number of men we had entered. Gerard won the 100-lb. broad jump, Schade won the unlimited broad jump, W. Sachau (which one?) surprised 'em all by winning the mile. Beck won the pole vault. Morgan broke his wrist while high jumping or no doubt he would have placed. (We are glad it was not a serious break.) We had few men entered, but most of them won their numerals.

We have but one man on the baseball team—Metcalf. All of our good ball players have left school, which will put us back in the baseball interclass this year. But we are going to try to repeat the stunt of last year if we can, thereby gaining the right to hang another '14 pennant on the banner.

MacMurray has served efficiently on *THE LIFE* for two years, the greater part of this year being business manager. He is also manager of the baseball team and as such has proven a success.

Metcalf is staff artist of *THE LIFE*, and his efficiency is readily seen in this issue.

W. KERR, '14.



The Freshmen

S. COLTON, '15.

On the morning of August 3, 1911, the Freshmen entered Wilmerding with a determination to do the work prescribed to the best of their ability, and they have certainly lived up to this resolution, as is shown by their progress. In every department they have displayed good work and have readily entered into the activities offered at Wilmerding.

They came out victorious in the interclass track meet held in the latter part of September, in which the Freshmen showed their ability as athletes. The majority of the winners won their numerals. Brown showed fine form, and worked hard for his class.

In the basketball interclass the Freshmen did not fare as well as in the track, though the boys worked hard. The experience of the older fellows in this line was too much to overcome, and we came in second.

The second interclass track meet, in which the Freshmen were contestants, was held last March. Having lost some of our best men through promotion, we were unable to capture first place, but were an easy second. Unfortunately for us Brown did not enter.

The Freshmen have some members on the school teams. Asher is on the school basketball team, but basketball on skates has been introduced and he has been chosen captain of the new team. Jones, Karstenson and Dempsey are also on the team. Barron, Vodden and Lane play on the school baseball team.



ELMER J. NICHOLS
Editor

JESSE F. MacMURRAY
Business Manager



STAFF OF LIFE

H. Sosso
L. Jacobson
F. Hammarstrom

G. Turnbull
A. Munthe

F. Holmes
J. Peabody
W. Metcalf

EDITORIALS



ELMER J. NICHOLS, '12, - - - - - EDITOR
JESSE F. MACMURRAY, '14 - - - - - BUSINESS MANAGER

Editorial Staff

What does life mean to you? Is it merely a time to be spent in enjoyment unmixed with responsibility? Or does life have a deeper meaning? Life should mean more than mere enjoyment. It should mean endeavor and achievement, "Something attempted, something done." The man who spends his days in idleness misses half the enjoyment for which he is always seeking. The keen pleasure derived from successful achievement is the fullest joy a man ever experiences.

There is no excuse for idleness. The world is full to overflowing with work for willing hands, but for the idle there is no room. God never intended that any man should be idle. Every man has ability in some certain line. True some men have greater talents than others, but the smallest may become great through use, while the greatest may fail through neglect.

Our abilities differ widely but our aim should be the same, to do what our hands find to do honestly, openly and manfully, putting the best there is in us into our work. After all, that is what counts. Whatever we get out of life



depends entirely upon what we put into it. You cannot get something for nothing.

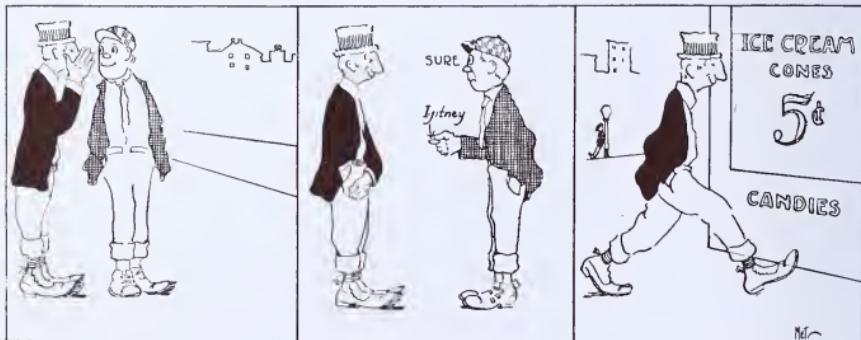
Few men fail for lack of opportunity, but many fail because they do not recognize it when it comes. The man who buries his talent while he waits for opportunity to knock at his door loses his chance of success.

It is not always the most talented men who succeed in life, but the man who has a little ability, coupled with perseverance and determination, always wins.

For many of us, school days are almost over. Soon we will be out facing the current of active life. To face up stream and row means success, while to drift with the current means failure. Let our motto be "Rowing, not Drifting."

The world of to-day needs above all else willing, dependable, manly men; men who hold honesty above riches and duty before pleasure; men whose love of country and respect for the rights of others outweigh their love of personal success, and whose lives are spent in service for their fellow men. Such lives are lives that count. Would you be one of them? Then use your ability, though it be small and by so doing develop the highest type of manhood.

As the term of office of the present staff expires with this issue we take this occasion to extend our thanks to the teachers, officers and students of the school for their kind support and ever ready help. We feel that whatever success has been achieved by us is due largely to the knowledge that the school was supporting us. Keep up the good work. Support the new staff as you have supported us and their success is assured.



A MAN MUST EAT



STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

E. NICHOLS

Historian

GEO. HYNES

Vice-President

F. GIBBS

Yell Leader

F. HOLMES

President

W. WIRT

Treasurer

J. PEABODY

Secretary

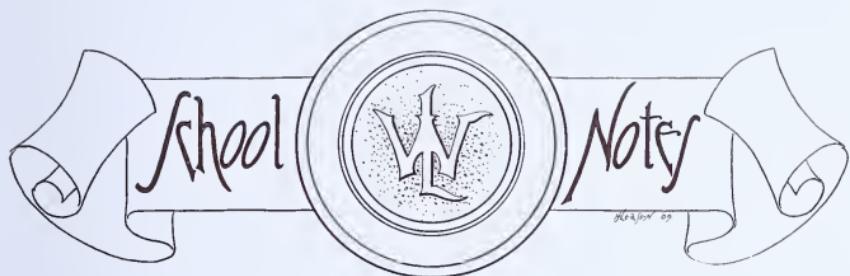


BOARD OF CONTROL

M. Groth
C. Hilderbrandt
C. Maas

W. Cohn
G. Hynes
F. Gibbs
M. Sahlein

J. MacMurray
J. Peabody
J. Lane



The end of the term is here. Vacation thoughts are filling every mind. To one and all, great and small, we say good-by—till next term.

On February 2nd a luncheon was held in the Science room to celebrate Miss Elliott's birthday. All the faculty were present and had an enjoyable time. The table was prettily decorated and loaded down with good things to eat. The decorations were quite unique.

As is customary, Founder's Day was observed by a program of events in the morning and an exhibit of school work in the afternoon. The assembly was addressed by Charles H. Wheeler. His speech on the dignity of labor and the equality of opportunity was one of the finest ever heard at Wilmerding. We thoroughly appreciate Mr. Wheeler's kindness in assisting us to see clearly the proper path we are to take in life. There is, no doubt, a feeling of superiority in every man who works with his brains more than with his hands. Mr. Wheeler pointed out that such a feeling is not proper—for work is work, no matter what its character.

Mr. Merrill announced the Lincoln essay contest. The subject for this year is: "Lincoln's command of the English language."

Seeing that the attendance at Student Body meetings has not been up to the standard during the last quarter, our president, F. Holmes, with the assistance of others interested in school affairs, has promulgated plans by which the Student Body meetings shall be made so interesting that every member of the school will await with keen interest the coming of another Wednesday that he may enjoy the unusual entertainment offered for his special benefit.

Under this new system a Student Body meeting was held on February 14. The orchestra was responsible for a share of the clapping with which every new feature was received. When the usual business had been dispensed with several speakers were announced. Miss Edwards spoke on school spirit and of the baseball season of '07. Mr. Wirt then proceeded to reveal the pleasures in store for those who attend the Student Body meetings. President Holmes appointed Mr. Wirt, Hynes, Gibbs and Turn-



bull on the committee of arrangement. Mr. Moore, who is an '08 graduate of the school, spoke on the great need of a proper school spirit among the members and of the benefits that are bound to accrue from such a spirit. Mr. Cunha, an assistant District Attorney, spoke very strongly on school spirit and related several instances where a game that seemed lost had been won through the aid of the rooters.

The success of this first Student Body meeting was an incentive to the committee to prepare even a better program for the next one, and they did!

March 13th was the day on which it was held. The real part of the Student Body meeting was opened by a very interesting talk on wireless telephony by Mr. McHenry, who is connected with one of the Government experimental stations. He explained some of the tests made to prove the efficiency of each system in use. Mr. Cuttler was the next speaker. He said a great many things well worth remembering, but one thing, a motto, should never be forgotten by anyone, no matter what he is. This is it—"Play the game, and if it is within you, win the game, but whether winning or losing, please God, be gentlemen."

It is not very often that we are afforded the opportunity to voice our enthusiasm at the talent shown by the members of the Lick Glee Club. It was, indeed, a rare treat. Perhaps a few of us were a bit vociferous, but the real spirit was there, nevertheless. Thanks to the kindness of Miss Sylvia Simons, we were enlightened as to the troubles of Wilhelm at School, and Orphan Annie in two splendid recitations.

As a finale Miss Denny rendered Dvorak's Humoresque on the piano. When she had finished we understood why several of her friends were so anxious to have her play. We would also have joined in urging her had we been aware of her ability.

One word more. At the opening game of the baseball series between our school and the Polytechnic High we noted that every possible thing was done to confuse Hildebrandt, our pitcher. Our boys showed a little better spirit and only when matters came to a crisis did they follow suit. This practice of confusing the pitcher seems to be a common method, used principally by the backers of the losing team to help the score along. There is no excuse for such ungentlemanly conduct. Remember, fellows, that whether we are winning or losing we can always be "gentlemen."



GROUNDS AND PROPERTY COMMITTEE

G. HYNES, Chairman

C. HILDERBRANDT

J. MacMURRAY



Sitting—I. Cohn
Standing—E. Nelson S. Buck

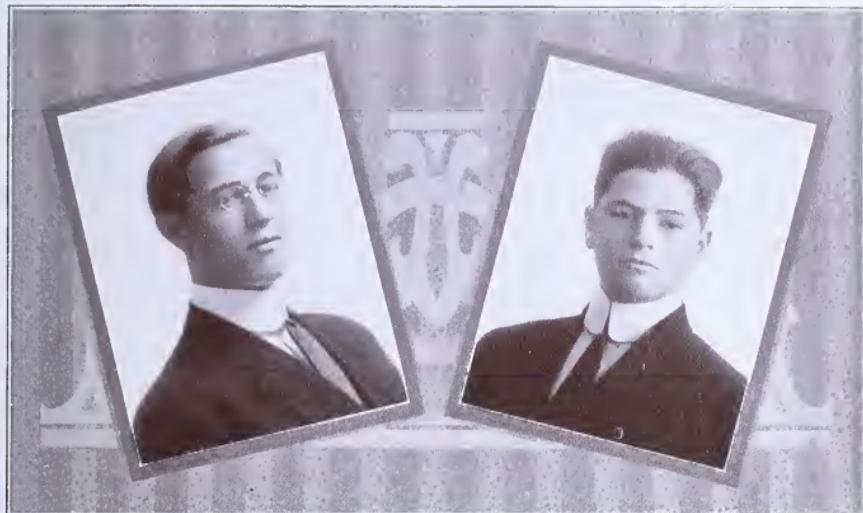
ORCHESTRA
I. Sugarman

Cavalli

Green

Smith

Cavalli



R. Kluver, Pres.

H. Abrahams, Sec'y.

THE CAMERA CLUB.

R. KLUVER, '12.

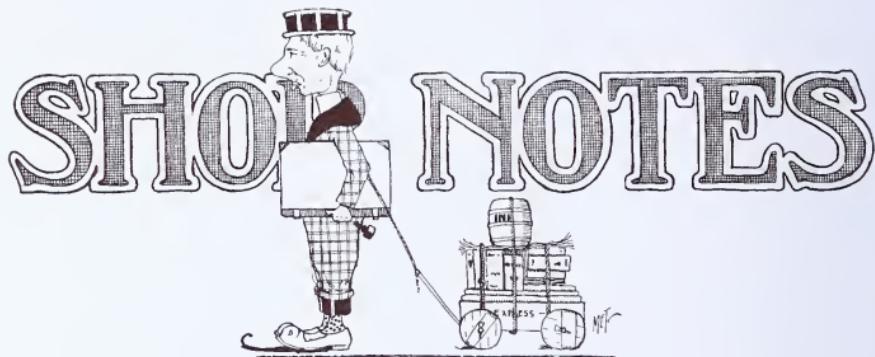
The Camera Club is one line of activity which is not found in every school, therefore we are proud of ours. Since November nineteen hundred and four, when the club was organized, a lively interest has been taken in it and as a result every opportunity to improve the darkroom has been taken advantage of.

Among the improvements that have been recently added to the club are a supply of new glassware, including trays, funnels and graduates. Mr. Lozier has also benefited the club by repainting the sink and fitting it with new racks. The giving of developer and necessary chemicals to the members has proven very satisfactory and it is hoped it will be a permanent feature.

Some of the older members of the club have been of great assistance to the school paper. The photographs taken by them are of the interior of the building and portraits of the faculty, the pictures to be used in illustrating and cartooning. The benefit derived from this work is not only the pleasure obtained, but it also gives one actual experience.

The last inducement should attract some of the Freshmen and students who are not members of the club, and as a few of the lockers are vacant there is a chance right now to join. The club at all times invites you to inspect it.

Preparations are now being made for an outing which will probably be held in one of the bay counties in the early part of May.



ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING.

The older boys in architectural drawing are working hard and fast, as the end of the term is drawing near. Hansell, Holmes, Hynes, Goldman, Lassell and Stephen are doing some excellent work on their Class "A's." Boyle, Hammerstrom, Hildebrandt and Maritzen are working hard on their Class "C's." Lloyd and Nelson are working on their shades and shadows. Newman, Jorgenson, Lenzen and Sosso, are doing good work on their suburbans. Jacobson, Hinterman, Ott, and Sahlein are on their originals. Abrahams, Cohn, Janssen, Junker and Rudolph are working on measurements. H. Stephen and Wright are busy with their orders. Shirling is working on steel construction. The second year boys are industriously working on their plates and sheets. All of the advanced architects are studying heating and ventilating under the direction of Mr. Wood. Hildebrandt, Holmes, Hynes, Goldman and Stephen have recently helped Mr. Potts in surveying and laying out the grounds for the new Lick School, corner Seventeenth and Potrero avenue.

BRICK SHOP.

In the brick shop things are all astir, and all the boys are working hard and faithfully. Since they have had a stretch of nice weather the boys have accomplished a great deal.

Chase, Isaac, Kaiser, Levy and Daisong Chang are steady workers, and have been doing excellent work on the outside wall of the west wing of the new building, laying plain and fancy stock bricks. Scovel and Dunning are becoming expert bricklayers, having spent a year in this branch of their course. Rigney and McCormick are Mr. Werson's standbys, being thoroughly reliable in every detail. Jacobson is a fast worker and a good bricklayer. Fred Meyer has shown a decided improvement in his work of the last quarter. The boys are now working on the many round arches in the front of the building.



CABINET SHOP.

The large number of articles that have been turned out, shows the amount of energy and hard work that the boys of the cabinet shop have put in. Zecher is busy on an extension table of oak. MacMurray is making a lady's writing desk of prima vera. Lutgen is making a sideboard of Oregon pine. Mass is working hard building a large cedar chest. Clyne is making an oak hall rack with an umbrella stand. Colton is making a dandy lantern shade of oak. McKenna and Graham are making a rack of Oregon pine. Hemenway is working on a small box of white cedar. McDonald has just completed an oak desk, and is now making a checker board of walnut and maple. V. Nichols is making an oak sideboard in the Mission style for one of the boys at school. Hunt is doing some nice work on a dandy mahogany sofa. Stone and Hardy are making a music cabinet of oak. Sandahl is working on an oak tabouret. Groth is working on a small mahogany dressing table. Rademacher is making a mahogany stand for M. C. Clark and has just finished a dandy oak writing desk. Kerr is working on a small mahogany table. McKenna, Lowry, Schrick and Knox are nearly finished with their turning exercises.

CARPENTER SHOP.

All the boys in the carpenter shop, including the new fellows, are working hard on the construction of the hip roof on the west wing of the new building. The work will be completed by summer and during vacation the roof will be covered with slate. When school resumes after vacation the boys will begin to lay the flooring in the lower stories of the same wing. In the east wing the window frames will be set up in position and a general finishing up of this part of the building will take place. By next fall Mr. Grant hopes to begin work on the construction of a roof for the middle wing. During this same season of the year he also will move the carpenter shop into the building, bringing the new work benches that the boys have recently made.

The following boys are working on the new building: Barber, Dempsey, Gibbs, Gilchrist, Hoy, Haas, Kelley, Karstenson, North, Rathjen, Rankin, Turnbull, Traube and Zwierlein.

ELECTRICAL SHOP.

The electrical department is always busy and the amount of work they turn out proves that they are as efficient as they are willing. Kluver, Pease and Velisaratos are re-installing the intercommunicating telephone system of our school, making many improvements to the old system. Reichold and Sublette, with Hagan assisting, have installed the new switchboard in the engine room of the Lick School and are now busy connecting



up the different circuits from the old board to the new. Dieffenbacker is working on the construction of two motors for the miniature electric train. Grimenstein is working on a truck for the same train. The Senty brothers are connecting up the flasher for the "W. S. I. A." electric sign. Work on the new switchboard for the electric shop will soon begin, the ebony-asbestos slab having been received. This is a new material which is now being used in all branches of electric work. Meyer is making portable bench lights for the night classes at Lick School. The Fourteen class boys will soon start on their bell wiring exercises. The new boys are working on the regular shop exercises, which include the construction of bells, relays, annunciator drops and medical coils.

PLUMBING SHOP.

The boys in the plumbing shop are working hard, there being a large amount of work on hand. E. Roberts and Nichols have recently completed a large plumbing job for the Sartorius Company, consisting of the roughing-in and setting of seven different fixtures. Farley and Massed are laying the water and gas pipes for the Lick Girls' Clubhouse. There are more than three hundred feet of one-inch gas pipe to be laid. The pipe and fittings which will be used for the roughing-in work on the new building have been received and in a short time Peabody and Vane will start work on this large job. Buick is doing good work wiping joints of various kinds. McLoughlin, Roberts and Wallace and many of the new boys have recently completed a tin roof on the new office of the Sartorius Company. The freshmen are working hard on difficult developments and exercises in tin, and shortly will begin studying the triangulation method of developments. The advanced boys are studying heating and ventilating.





BASEBALL.

The first league game was played with the Polytechnic nine at St. Ignatius grounds on March 20, 1912. The contest was nine innings of fast and exciting baseball, until the last putout in the ninth. Poly scored first, making one run on a two-base hit and an error. Wilmerding also scored in the first, making two runs. Lane reached the first sack on an error and Hynes hit a "homer" into the right field bleachers. Pfaeffle got on first when short stop booted one. He was sacrificed to second and scored on a wild pitch in the third inning.

Poly scored two runs in the sixth when Kelly put a two-base hit with two men on bases. The score remained a tie until the eighth, when Hildebrandt won his own game with a two-base knock over second with two men on. Poly tried hard to come through and even things up in the ninth, and came dangerously near scoring, but steady battery work retired the side.

Hynes starred for Wilmerding, catching a heady game and using the stick for three of the runs scored. Lane also played a good game, showing his skill at first base, and did good stick work. Hildebrandt pitched a steady game and batted in the winning runs.

Wilmerding—Lowell.

On Wednesday afternoon, April 17, 1912, Lowell administered a defeat to Wilmerding to the tune of 11 to 7. Twelve errors were chalked up against the blue and gold, and this, coupled with clean fielding and free hitting on Lowell's part, tells the story of our defeat. Hynes was the batting hero of the game, slamming out four safe wallops, one of them being a homer, with a man ahead of him.

	R.	H.	E.
Wilmerding	7	9	12
Lowell	11	7	3

Batteries—Wilmerding, Hildebrandt and Hynes; Lowell, Tissot and Smith.



The Wilmerding Life

Wilmerding—Cogswell.

The afternoon of April 20, Wilmerding and Cogswell crossed bats on the St. Ignatius field. After the smoke had cleared away in the first Wilmerding-Cogswell contest the score read 6 to 4 in favor of the Wilmerding lads. The game was hotly contested, and the Wilmerding team had to extend herself to be returned victors. Hynes caught his usual brilliant game. Hildebrandt was at his best this game, retiring nine by the strike-out route.

	R.	H.	E.
Wilmerding	6	10	4
Cogswell	4	7	6

Batteries—Wilmerding, Hildebrandt and Hynes; Cogswell, Bolander and Hansen.

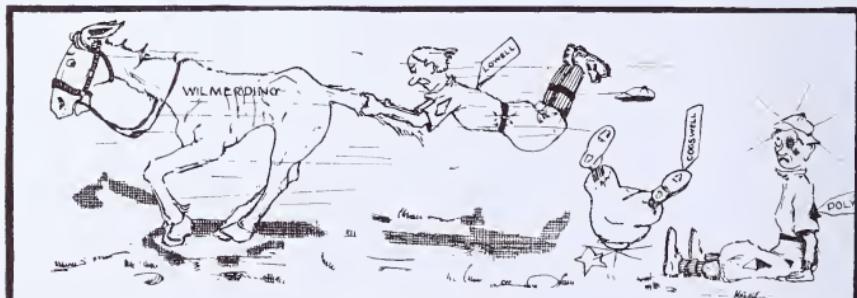
Wilmerding—Lowell.

At the Presidio Athletic grounds on Wednesday, April 24, Wilmerding and Lowell crossed bats in their second contest of the "B" division of the San Francisco Sub-League.

This game proved to be by far the most exciting and most closely contested of the season. It took eleven innings of hard fighting to determine the winner, and the final result was in doubt all the way. A free hitting contest is always appreciated by the bleachers, and ten hits by each team gave many opportunities to "root."

The end of the struggle came when, with Cohn on third and Lane on second and two down, Lefty Rudolph poled one to left field and the game was over. Hildebrandt pitched his usual steady game, keeping the hits well scattered.

The boys who connected with the horsehide were Metcalf, Hildebrandt, Vodden and Hynes. Robinson hit well for Lowell. This game was the first of the "play off," Lowell, Cogswell and Wilmerding being tied in the division "B" series.



A HARD NAG TO RIDE



Upper— W. Wirt, Coach

Middle— Praefte

Barron
Lane

Lower— Vodden

BASEBALL TEAM

Metcalf

Capt.

Hilderbrandt

Colin

Rudolph

Chase.

MacMurray

Mgt.

The Wilmerding Life

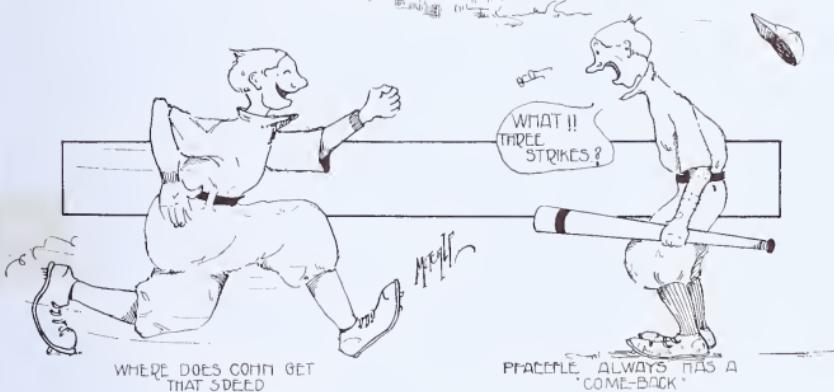
Wilmerding, 8; Cogswell, 6.

On Wednesday, May 1, 1912, at the Presidio Athletic grounds, we met and defeated Cogswell for the second time by a close score of 8 to 6. The game was in doubt until the last man was out in the ninth inning. The Wilmerding boys played a better article of ball than in their previous games, making errors on two occasions only. Hildebrandt was in form again and barring a little wildness pitched a good, steady game, allowing only six hits and striking out eight men. Bolander of Cogswell was touched up for 12 safeties, most of them coming when hits were needed. Vodden, Lane and Chase did the heavy stick work for Wilmerding, while Alexander's three hits proved effective for Cogswell.

This victory over Cogswell gives us first honors in Division "B" of the sub-league, and as Mission won Division "A" we will play them for the championship of the San Francisco Sub-League.



BASEBALL DOINGS



Sitting—
Asher Gibbs Holmes
Sitting—
Cohn Hyness Massed
Hilderbrandt, Capt.

Standing—
Goldman, Mgr.
Hilderbrandt, Capt.

Hyness Massed
Cohn





BASKETBALL.

The Cogswell basketball five defeated the Wilmerding team and won the Sub-League championship, by the score of 37 to 16. The game was one of the best seen in the high school league of the season. The fast work displayed by both teams made the game exceptionally interesting. The feature of the game was the fast work of the forwards, while the guards kept their men well covered.

No tally was made by either side for the first six minutes of play. Andrews, captain of our rivals, scored the first goal. Many chances for foul throws were missed by our team, and at half-time the score stood 13 to 6 in favor of Cogswell.

The second half saw no scoring for nearly five minutes. Andrews succeeded in finding the basket and placed two field goals in succession, and Massed put one in from a hard angle. Another field goal was made and it looked as if we had a chance, but Cogswell accomplished the feat of throwing six field goals in less than two minutes.

For our opponents, Andrews, Schloh and Mariana played a star game, while Gibbs and Massed played a good game for Wilmerding. Final score, 37 to 16.

SWIMMING MEET.

The interclass swimming meet was held at Lurline Baths on Wednesday afternoon, March 27, 1912. The Seniors won the meet with 14 points; Freshmen second, with 12, and the Sophomores were third with 10 points. The results:

50 yards—Zwierlein, '12, won; Myles, '14, second; Munroe, '15, third. Time, 33 seconds.

100 yards—Munroe, '15, won; Zwierlein, '12, second; Gerard, '14, and Anderson, '14, tie for third. Time, 1 minute 25 seconds.

220 yards—Zwierlein, '12, won; Munroe, '15, second; Anderson, '14, third. Time, 3 minutes, 30 seconds.

Relay won by '14 class, '15 second, '12 third.

TRACK.

The opening track meet of the season was the San Francisco Sub-League meet held on Saturday afternoon, March 23, 1912. The weather was ideal and resulted in a large crowd.

Cogswell Polytechnic College won the meet with 66 points, Lick second with 51, and Wilmerding third with 36 points to her credit. The fellows figured as was expected, due to the weight teams. Kluver was the only unlimited man to place in the meet; he showed his form in the high jump, clearing the bar at 5 feet 5 inches. Brown cleared the high jump bar at 5 feet 1 6-10 inches, breaking the record in the 120-pound class. Scotchie Turnbull showed up well in the 120-pound quarter-mile, running the dis-



SWIMMING TEAM

Munroe

Gibbs, Capt.-Mgr.

Hilderbrandt
Anderson

Myles

Zwernerlein

Gibbs, Capt.-Mgr.

Myles
Anderson
Zwernerlein



tance in 57 seconds, breaking his previous record.

The 120-pound relay team was awarded the trophy, and the 100-pound team captured second place in the relay.

Interclass Field Day.

The interclass field day was held on the school oval, March 13, 1912. All the class had teams entered and showed up well. New material was developed and in the future should show up well. W. Sachau, a Freshman, sprung a surprise by capturing the mile. The Seniors won the meet with 73 points, the Freshmen second with 47, and the Juniors and Sophomores tied for third with 23 points. The results:

100-pound Class: 50 yards—Levey, '15, won; Sahlein, '13, second. Time, 7 seconds. 220 yards—Sahlein, '13, won; Levey, '15, second; Isaacs, '15, third. Time 30 seconds. Broad Jump—Gerard, '14, won; Levey, '15, second; Rathjen, '15, third.

120 lb. Class: 75 yards—Turnbull, '12, won; Taylor, '15, second; Vodden, '15, third. Time, 9 4-5 seconds. 440 yards—Turnbull, '12, won; Wilkenson, '15, second; Taylor, '15, third. Time 64 seconds. High Jump—Turnbull, '12, won; Height, 5 ft. 3 in.

Unlimited: 100 yards—Kluver, '12, won; Cohn, '13, second; Ashlock, '15, third. Time, 11 4-5 seconds. 220 yards—Cohn, '13, won; Ashlock, '15, second; Monroe, '15, third. Time, 27 seconds. 440 yards—Hinterman, '13, won. Time 66 seconds. 880 yards—Donahue, '15, won. Time 2-51. Mile—W. Sachau, '14, won; Donahue, '15, second; Buick, '15, third. Time 5-4½ seconds. 50 yd. Low Hurdles—Kluver, '12, won; Junker, '12, second; F. Smith, '14, third. Time, 7 2-5 seconds. 50 yd. High Hurdles—Gibbs, '12, won; Hammerstrom, '12, second. Time, 8 2-5 seconds.

Pole Vault—Beck, '14, won; Hansell, '12, and Kerr, '14, tied for second. Height, 8 feet 6 inches.

High Jump—Kluver, '12, won; Zwerlein, '12, and Asher, '15, tied for second. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

Broad Jump—Schade, '14, won; Hansell, '12, second; Holmes, '12, third. Distance, 18 feet.

Shot Put—Gibbs, '12, won; Stephen, '12, second; Holmes, '12, third. Distance, 39 feet 6 inches.

Discus Throw—Gibbs, '12, won; Massed, '12, second; Junker, '12, third. Distance, 85 feet.

Relay won by '15 Class; '12 second; '13 third.





Commercial, S. F., Calif., Dec.—Let this issue be a standard, and try to be consistent. It is extremely praiseworthy in every department. The class prophecy is very cleverly written.

Echo, Santa Rosa, Calif., Jan.—As a regular quarterly exchange you rank among our best. The josh column is always good and full of life, but you have lowered the school notes department by cutting into it with a continued part of a story.

El Gabilan, Salinas, Calif., Dec.—Your literary department can hardly be surpassed, being of as good variety as we have read among our exchanges. From the other departments we conceive the idea that they are slighted; try to improve them.

Girls' High Journal, S. F., Calif., Dec.—To offer any criticism on the *Journal* is beyond the talents of our critics. We have nothing but the best to say, at the same time mentioning our appreciation of the class prophecy.

Glasgowian, Glasgow, Ky., March.—Had it not been for your ads we would not have known your address. You need a little remodeling; also add a few cuts.

Guard and Tackle, Stockton, Calif., Feb.—Although you publish only one story it proves to be a good one. It is well written and contains good description. In your editorial we notice a call for material; indeed you need it, as this issue does not rank with your former publications.

Hesperian, Oregon City, Ore.—We are glad to have the *Hesperian* come so regularly. All of your literature, which is essential to a good magazine, shows variety. "When Eight Are in Love" is a well handled Valentine story. A new cover at every issue also attracts our attention, but in every issue we notice the front ads, of which we do not approve.

High School Argus, Harrisburg, Pa.—Your josh columns are always good and lengthy. Your literary work might be enlarged; however, what you have is good. The "Story of the Original Joke" is excellent.



Madrona, Palo Alto, Calif., Dec.—You are a good production of a school paper. The exchange department is small; try to increase it.

Mission, S. F., Calif.—Your Dec. issue is without doubt the best exchange we have received this year. The departments, which are many in number, are of the best quality. We must certainly congratulate you on your hustling business manager, who has successfully put forth such a praiseworthy magazine.

Normal Advance, Terre Haute, Ind.—This journal always arrives with every page full of instructive reading. We welcome every issue.

Ocean Breeze, Aberdeen, Wash.—Yours is a classy paper, and worthy of a place on any exchange list. Your literary work, which is characterized by good cuts, makes it very attractive.

Owl, Fresno, Calif.—The literary work, which you do print is good, although this department needs to be enlarged. Your departments are few; try to create some new ones.

Review, Lowell, Mass.—For a monthly, we ought not to criticize you, but a better arrangement would bring you much more credit.

Searehlight, San Rafael, Calif., Dec.—You rank among our best exchanges. We are glad to read the *Searchlight* as it is not crowded with petty departments, but those which you do have are given plenty of space. We agree with your exchange editor in selecting a lower classman for that position, so that he has plenty of time to fix the standard of every school journal, which will bring better criticisms in this department.

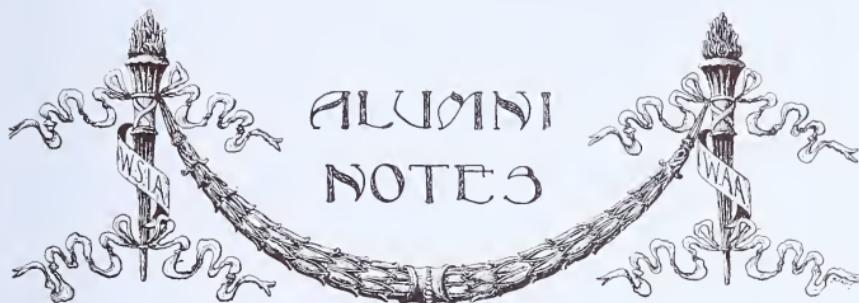
School Herald, San Jose, Calif.—Again we appreciate the receipt of the newsiest and largest high school weekly in the United States.

Sotoyoman, Healdsburg, Calif.—Your departments should be developed in every way. Too much space is occupied by cuts and margins. The covers are all good.

Tiger (Girls' Issue), S. F., Calif.—Again we receive a successful *Tiger*, which is due to the hard work of your girls. Every department is handled with the utmost skill.

Tocsin, Santa Clara, Calif., Dec.—With the best of stories and with well executed drawings, the *Tocsin* is welcomed as one of our cleverest exchanges.

Trident, Santa Cruz, Calif., March.—We do not approve of breaking up departments. Keep them continuous. Your editorial on School Spirit is good, while we are also glad to note that you take an interest in the coming election in your town. When and how often do you publish the *Trident*?



Abe Appleton, '05, is in the architectural department of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Mr. Appleton has recently returned from his studies in Paris. He will be heard from in his profession.

A. J. Bach, '11, is working for his brother in a machine shop on Folsom street.

F. T. Bassett, '07, photographing everybody he meets, is now in Salem, Oregon.

F. F. Bachelder, '08, is found in the structural department of the Judson Manufacturing Company. From all reports "Batch" is making good.

H. S. Belton, '05, has gone into business for himself in Burlingame—"H. S. Belton, Contractor."

F. W. Bender, '11, is in the telephone switchboard department of the Western Electrical Co.

F. W. Brauer, '11, is in the blue-print department of the Southern Pacific's architectural office.

A. M. Caldwell, '03. We have not heard from Albert in a long time, but understand he is safe in a theological school near New York. "Rev." Albert Caldwell, perhaps, by this time.

R. S. Chadbourn, '04, is in "Borax" Smith's office in Oakland. He holds his job well, is looking fine and was recently married. Our best wishes for him!

E. E. Charleston, '04, is in the office of O'Brien & Werner, architects.

Albert Christensen, '04. Know little about him, except he has been married for several years.

G. F. Comstock, '03, is with the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co., in the architectural department.

B. J. Dallas, '08. The last heard from Dallas he was in Merced, but keeping up his connections with 126 Post street, San Francisco.

V. A. Dinsmore, '09, said to be working at Mare Island navy yard.



H. J. Dolcini is working for the Southern Pacific in Ventura county.

Wm. D. Egenhoff, '05. "The Big Swede" writes: "I have been out in the desert (Bakersfield) for three years. I am married and living happily ever after."

E. E. Essman, '08, has been working in the office of Salfeld & Kohlberg, architects, but now is conducting his father's store on Valencia street near Twenty-second.

Ralph Fishbourne, '03, has studied in Paris, but we understand he, Raser and Stanton are now in the same architect's office in New York. Mr. Fishbourne designed the front elevation of the new building our boys are working on.

James P. Fisher, '10, is working at his profession of draftsman for Hobart.

Frank A. Flinn, '08, is working on his own ranch near Descanso, San Diego county, and is "lord of all he surveys."

James Flood, '11, is in the Western Electrical Co.

Valentine Franz, '09, has gone into business with his father—"Val. Franz & Son, Contractors."

Chas. H. Fredson, '07, has been in Mexico installing the block signal system for the Southern Pacific.

Thomas H. Freese, '06, is ranching now near Salinas, but has his own studio and occasionally shows a picture in the Del Monte Art exhibit.

Thomas Gibson, '04, has a reputation for good work; is foreman for Forbes & Sons, and superintended putting the furniture fixtures in the White House.

Geo. Goodman, '08, is plumbing in Melrose—Independent.

Edward W. Greninger, '10, is in the plumbing business in Inyo county.

Chas. J. Grinsell, '09, is a builder at Ferndale; still plays great ball.

S. H. Hansen, '11 "just pays his alumni dues and keeps on saying nothing."

Wm. Heidenreich, '05, is a brickwork contractor in San Francisco, ornamental brick mantels being his specialty. Has done some fine jobs.

Walter Hennings, '11, is working with his father doing inside finishings.

Harry A. Hertenstein, '07, is in the show case business. He and Schaffer bid fair to dominate the Show Case Trust.

C. H. Hilliard, '07. Chris has opened ornamental iron works at 215 Eighth street, city. He has the contract for the ornamental iron in the new Tivoli, and expects to do some of the work on the Exposition buildings, 1915.

Alfred Johnson, '03, is in Tucson, Arizona, married and has a daughter. Some day Wilmerding will have to be a co-educational institution.

Jewett M. Johnston, '05, is "Prof." of carpentry in the Polytechnic school at San Luis Obispo, Cal.



Thaddeus Joy, '03, was graduated from U. C. and is now writing for one of our local papers.

A. Kammeyer, '09, is assistant to the electrician at the S. P. hospital.

Harold Keys, '07, studied at Columbia University, New York, and is now in an architect's office in Oakland.

A. J. Kramer, '10, is in an electrical construction company in Delano, Kern county.

Ed Lagarde, '06, is a carpenter at Belmont. Strictly union!

Jack Lavell, '07, is in the designing department of Thomas Day & Co., gas fixtures.

Wm. Lavers, '06. Lost, strayed or stolen; he may show up some day.

Samuel Langendorf, '09, was reported as having an electrical construction company of his own.

Harold Layng, '07. Married. The last report said he was doing architectural work in his own office.

Harry Leason, '09, is in the office of Wright, Rushford & Cahill, architects. He is always on time with his alumni dues and is a friend to Wilmerding students past and present.

Earl Lieb, '07, is an inspector at the Custom House.

Herbert F. Lindacher, '10, is in the office of Walter H. Parker, architect. Herbert is the same he always was—not very much to say but growing still.

David L. Lisk, '10, is with his father on a ranch in San Luis Obispo Co. Bertram Little, '04, is in Oakland. Nuf sed.

Theodore W. Malott, '11, is laying "Compo" roofs with his father—firm, Ford & Malott.

Mott M. Marston, '04. The last heard from Mott he had left Los Angeles and gone East for an architectural job.

J. G. Mason, '07, with Raisin & Zaruba, paper box factory.

G. A. McAdoo, '06, has charge of the country work for the Gas & Electric Co.

Wm. Merchant, '08. Doing independent architectural work. Now planning for a building in Sacramento.

Wade W. Moore, '08, by day is a salesman for a pomice company, but studies law in the evening.

Rudolph Muller, '10, is assistant operator for the San Francisco Gas & Electric Co.

Walter Muller, '10, is in the warehouse of the San Francisco Gas & Electric Co.

Fred G. Munk, '11, is with McDonald & Applegarth, architects.

Thomas J. O'Brien, '10, has gone into the architectural business with his father.

Edward J. O'Connor, '05, for a long time had a good position in the



city architect's office, and now is in the engineering department of that office.

John Pierce, '11, has recently returned from a trip to Vancouver, B. C. Rolland E. Pierce, '03, is working for Uncle Sam in his mint.

R. E. Prosek, '10, is in the office of N. Blaisdell, architect. He is also attending Hopkins' Art Institute.

Vall. Rademacher, '11, is in the office of Earl B. Scott, architect.

Oliver B. Raser, Jr., '05, is in a New York architect's office, but we do not hear much from him.

Paul B. Regnier, '11, is in the Western Electrical Co.

Ernest Reese, '05—a successful architect in Eureka, Humboldt county, and head of a good-sized family.

W. Beecher Rintoul, '06. After graduation from U. C. we heard of him in Bakersfield.

Charles O. Roberts, '10, is in the office of Architect Delvin.

W. P. Rowe, '07, is a contractor in Alameda.

Robert Saunders, '05, is in Reno, Nevada, on business—not getting a divorce.

Louis Schalk, '10, is still in the office of Miss Julia Morgan, architect.

Geo. Schaffer had a plumbing shop in San Diego the last we heard.

J. Percy Schaffer, '03. "Dusty Roads" Schaffer is in business for himself making show cases at 1617 Mission street.

Mel Schwartz, '09, is doing some fine work in the drafting department of Beach & Heffernan, architects in the Pacific building.

Romer Shawhan, '07, is in Paris studying architecture.

Frank Skelley, '09, is married, but we do not know about his occupation.

Pete Skov, '10, is a clerk in Board of San Francisco Fire Underwriters.

Geo. Sohst, '07. At last reports he was in the office of Willis Polk, architect.

Otto Sorenson, '05, is a salesman for a wholesale plumbing house in El Paso, Texas. "The next time the alumni have a banquet I sure will be with you. Otto."

Walter Stadfeldt, '09, is with the Selby Lead Co.

Roy G. Stephens, '03, is deputy surveyor for San Francisco.

Fred F. St. John, '03, is "detailer" in the office of Bliss & Faville.

Lester C. Stoll, '11, has a position in the drafting department of the Maricopa Oil Co. at Bakersfield.

Chas. F. Strothoff, '11, is employed by A. Farr, architect, in the Foxcroft building. He has been working on Jack London's house in Sonoma county.

Oscar Vitt, '08. Address: Infielder, Detroit Baseball Club, American League.

A. J. Von Ahn, '11, is with the Western Electrical Co.



Edward J. Welch, '07, a member of the Carpenters' Union, also teaching woodwork in the San Francisco public schools.

G. F. Wendering, '11. "Pop" is in Berkeley working with his father. Just now they are putting up an apartment house in San Francisco.

Frank W. Wheelin, '10, is at his trade laying brick by the thousands.

Roy W. Willison, '08, is in the employ of the Pacific Coast Construction Company. Roy has charge of the hoisting machinery—and of course has his ups and downs—on a big bridge across the Eel river in Humboldt county.

Robert Wilson, '11, is with Curlett & Son, architects.

Robert F. Wright, '10, is working for the Southern Pacific Company at the Ferry building.

Geo. Young, '07, is doing an independent business in building and constructing in Alameda.

Edwin W. Yount, '03, is superintending the repairing of the old Mission at Sonoma, a piece of work that is attracting the attention of all those interested in preserving these buildings.

Emil D. Zecher, '09, is still in the office of H. Geilfuss & Son, architects.

These alumni notes have been collected by the combined efforts of teachers, graduates and the present students. If there are mistakes or omissions please notify Miss Edwards, for an effort is being made to keep in touch with all our alumni. If the graduates will keep us informed of changes in their business locations or in their home addresses it will enable us to publish more reliable information in the annual Commencement issue of the LIFE, and will be a help to the school as well as to all concerned.



WHEN RADAMACKER COMES AROUND.

ASSOCIATION NOTES



The Wilmerding Association was organized for the purpose of holding together the boys who had left school before graduation. The idea of it was brought up first at a grand reunion held at the school March 31, 1911, at which there was a large attendance. Our departed schoolmate, Al Knickerbocker, was one of the promoters of this plan. The next meeting was for the purpose of organization and election of officers. The following officers were elected for the term of one year: Gus Braunagel, President; W. Trowbridge, Vice-President; Mr. Biggs, Secretary-Treasurer. The Board of Control was as follows: P. Skove, D. Scovel, W. Merchant, W. Murray, J. W. Felt and L. Chandler.

After the officers had been elected several business meetings were held before the board decided to give a smoker for the purpose of drawing the members together. This proved a success and raised the courage of the workers.

The next effort was the "farewell" to two of the members, Oscar Vitt and "Billie" Orr, who have gone East to join baseball leagues. The Association presented them with beautiful watch fobs as mementoes of some of the happiest days of their lives. The affair was well attended and everybody seemed to have a good time.

The next social attempt was a boat ride, which turned out a big success, both financially and in the amount of fun that was raised. This affair squared the treasury of the Association, which had been nearly bankrupt.

We hope soon to give an invitational dance.

The Association owes a great deal of thanks to some of those loyal schoolmates who have stuck by each other through thick and thin.

The Wilmerding Life

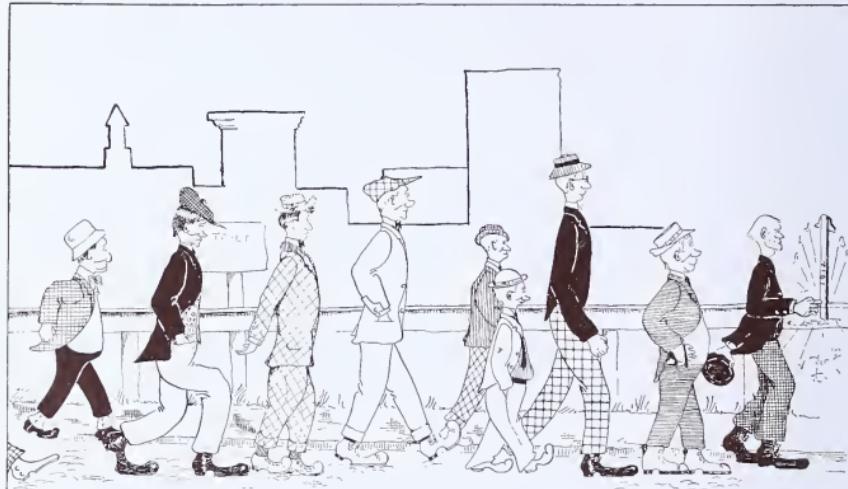
Some day soon we hope to have a nice new club room and gymnasium for our members to hold open house in.

We would be pleased to hear from any of our old stand-bys and we can assure you of a welcome into our merry band. Say! fellows, it's great to be able to come together and talk over old times. These reunions make one forget his daily struggles for the almighty dollar.

In closing we would invite all old timers to look us up before 1915. We will be some glad to see you, but be sure you bring the wives and kiddies.

G. B.

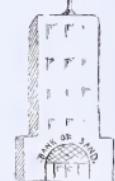
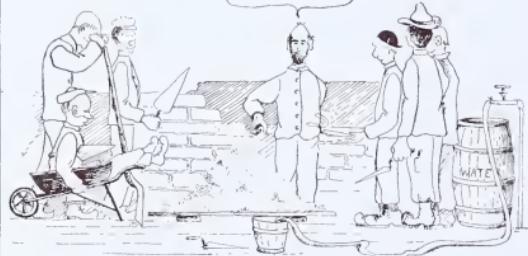




A SENIORS-NOT A SENIOR WHEN IT COMES TO LANDING A JOB

IN THE BRICK-SHOP

WHEN YOU GET THROUGH
WITH THAT MUD YOU
BOYS CAN GO HOME.



STEPHANS CLASS

2:30

HAMMARSTROM '12



OUR SCHOLAR.

Gibbs had been sent by Mr. Grant to get a book and did not return for quite a while. When he did come back Mr. Grant said: "Well! did you get that book, Red?"

If one of Monterey's suffragette conductors was hungry would a National Note Book Filler?

No, but a maple wood.

There is a story going around that ?'s little brother forgot his prayer one night and said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake"—

This was as far as he remembered so he called to his brother: "Hey, Bill, what comes next?"

"Aw! a funeral."

Gerard—Say, you ought to have seen the hard egg I had for lunch.

Metcalf—What was it, hard boiled?

Gerard—No; a Plymouth Rock.

"Ever been to Cork?"

"No; but I have seen many drawings of it."

Aguirre came down to brickshop and called up to Mr. Werson: "Do you want me to come up there and go to work?"

"No; I am going to put you in a glass case and show you as guaranteed to stand the test of 'aqua fortis.'"



Young Hopeful—Say, pa, I got a pain in my head.

His Pa—Well, put your head through the window and there won't be any pane.

Metcalf (to one of Sachau twins)—Say, if you are the older, which of you is the younger?

They say Hinterman walked away with the quarter mile, but Sahlien would like to know if he stole it, bought it, or found it.

Mr. Christensen (in Physics)—Lutgen, I think you would do a whole lot better work if you would not chew that gum. Did you ever see the dreamy look in an old cow's eye while she was chewing her cud?

Vane was making a large can in plumbing shop when another plumber came in and said, "Say, Vane, that's a swell can you have there."

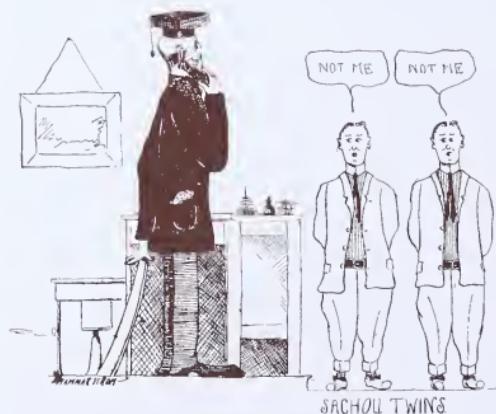
Vane—Not a swell but a swill can. And then they all say, "If a peacock is proud is Hampton Vane?"

If Goldman sold his private mirror what would Hansell?

If a storage battery holds 500 volts what does Reichhold?

If Vodden's auto wouldn't reverse, could Dieffenbacher?

Cohen was up at bat and he had been hit with a ball and given a base. Lane, the next batter, got up and as he reached the plate some one yelled: "Now, Joe, use your head."





COMPULSORY.

"Mr. W.—May I get off this afternoon? I want to go across the bay"—

"Do you *want* to go to Oakland?"

"No, I *have* to go there."

Witty Student—Have you any Oolong tea?

Pete—How long?

W. S.—So long.

And he went along.

A group of future Hal Chases had started to play ball, when one of them suggested they leave someone to mind their coats.

"Aw, what's the use; they'll be safer if we all stay together," said another.

The lunch hour was nearly over when one of Dettling's diners called across the street: "Hurry up, Murphy—Hinterman's on the table and Munthe's half eaten."



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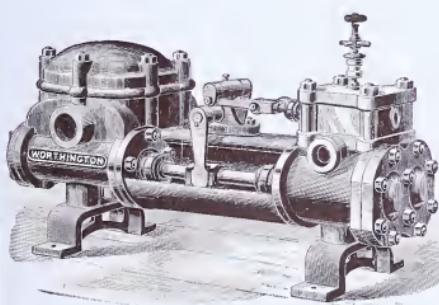
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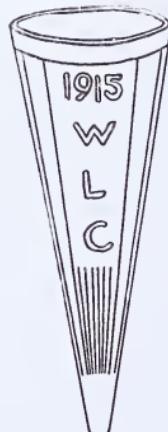
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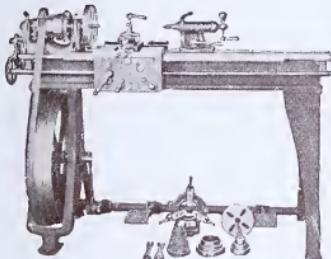
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